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# ANSELM J. McLAURIN

(Late a Senator from Mississippi)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Sixty-first Congress  
Second Session

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES  
April 2, 1910

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
April 24, 1910

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## DEATH OF SENATOR ANSELM J. MCLAURIN

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### PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

TUESDAY, *January 4, 1910.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Who art making all things new, as we enter upon the labors of the new year grant unto us, we pray Thee, a new apprehension of Thy divine majesty and a renewed sense of our dependence upon Thee. For the tasks that await us Thy strength alone can prepare us; and in our fresh sorrow Thy grace alone is sufficient for us.

Make us glad in Thy salvation, we pray Thee, according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and illuminate with Thy presence the days wherein we have seen trouble; that Thy work may appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory upon their children. And so may our God, who hath loved us and given us eternal comfort and good hope through grace, comfort our hearts and establish them in every good word and work. And unto Thee, our Father, Who art the God of all grace and comfort, be glory and praise on earth and in Heaven, now and forevermore. Amen.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, it is my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death of ANSELM JOSEPH MCLAURIN, a Senator in this body from the State of Mississippi, who died at his

home at Brandon, Miss., on the evening of the 22d of December last. At some future time I shall ask the Senate to stop its usual business and set aside a day that proper tribute of respect may be paid to his life, character, and public services. I now offer the following resolutions, and ask for their adoption.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Secretary will read the resolutions.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Mississippi.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the distinguished dead, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, January 5, 1910, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, March 1, 1910.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that on the same day (Saturday, April 2, 1910), immediately after the exercises commemorative of the late Senator JOHNSON, of North Dakota, I will offer resolutions commemorative of the character and life of my late colleague, the Hon. ANSELM J. McLAURIN. I ask unanimous consent that that order be made.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Mississippi? The Chair hears none, and the order is entered.

SATURDAY, April 2, 1910.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hast loved us with an everlasting love and hast called us to this day of tender and reverent memory; hear us, we pray Thee, as we lift to Thee our prayer of grateful adoration.

We remember before Thee Thy servants who have labored by our side, and who, having borne the burden and the heat of the day, have now gone to their reward. We thank Thee, our Father, for these who were leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their wisdom meet to be rulers. Though their bodies are buried in peace, yet shall not their names be forgotten. We rejoice that the memorial of virtue is immortal; seeing that when it is present men take example of it, and when it is gone they earnestly desire it. With their strength we are strong, and their faithfulness makes us faithful. Unite us, we pray Thee, with the faithful and true, there and here, and join our hearts with theirs in one fellowship of the Spirit, one beauty of holiness, and one repose on Thee. Amen.

Mr. MONEY. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Purcell in the chair). The resolutions will be read by the Secretary.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH McLARKIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.



## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### ADDRESS OF MR. MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI

MR. PRESIDENT: ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, late a Member of this body, was born on the 26th of March, 1848, at the town of Brandon, Miss. When an infant he was carried by his parents to Smith County and there reared to manhood. Surrounded by clear streams and sweet air, perfumed by the odor of the pines, and on a farm he acquired that intellectual and physical stamina which always marked him from boyhood to his death.

Studious and anxious to learn, he applied himself assiduously to his books. Possessing a naturally bright and active mind, he advanced rapidly in his studies, and though interrupted by service in the confederate army, he was, before the age of maturity, fully equipped mentally and physically for whatever course he might wish to pursue.

I can see with the mind's eye that life with his parents and seven brothers on the Mississippi farm. The two older people with eight robust and high-spirited boys at a time when the farm life in the South possessed its greatest charm and produced the noblest manhood and womanhood the world has seen. There where all the family gathered around the table, again at evening by the fireside in winter, and in the vine-clad porch in summer. Constantly under the advice, precept, and example of a father's pride, close under the ever-watchful eye of the tender, sympathetic mother, with a strong, Scotch clannish feeling of cooperation among the boys—under this influence and in this environment he was reared. When 16 years old, young

MCLAURIN entered the confederate army and served during the remainder of the war.

Coming home from the hardships of a soldier's life he began to equip himself for life's battles amid political and economic conditions most threatening to all about him. Large and serious thoughts possessed the minds of the people.

In this environment and excitement mental development was rapid, so that, in spite of the difficulties attending, he finished the law course and was especially licensed to practice his profession before he had reached the age of legal manhood. At the age of 23 he won his first political honor by election to the responsible office of district attorney. As prosecuting officer for the several counties included in the judicial district he became rapidly acquainted with the people, learning their needs, their hopes, and wishes. In the discharge of the functions of this important office he represented his district with distinguished force and ability and gained the warm approval of his constituents. He was elected to the state legislature. His service in that body was diligent, practical, and useful, displaying a comprehensive knowledge of the reformed condition of things and a ready apprehension of what was necessary to be done.

In 1890 the State of Mississippi held its constitutional convention. It was the first Southern State to make any attempt to change its organic law so as, if possible, to redeem itself from the effects of a too-extended franchise and at the same time to keep within the amendments to the Federal Constitution. All her sister States have followed the example of Mississippi, which from the time of its admission into this Union has led in all judicial reforms.

MCLAURIN was elected a member of that convention, and that itself was a signal honor, because the convention involved such momentous consequences, was full of so many grave dangers

and so many perplexities, that the people had cast about and selected the men of the State that were most distinguished for their talent, for their courage, for their patriotism, and, above all, for their conservatism. The movement was a popular one, but was not without opposition. Some of the most distinguished people in the State of Mississippi, holding the highest honors which could be conferred by the people, eminent for their great abilities and for their patriotism, for love of their people and of their State, hesitated to join in the movement. Some of them opposed it with vigor, with energy, and with talent; but the movement of the people prevailed, and they selected those men whom they thought most capable of dealing with the momentous questions that would arise. McLAURIN became one of the most active, diligent, practical, and courageous Members.

The constructive genius of James Z. George, long an honored Member of this Senate, made him the great protagonist of that civil drama; and bearing down any opposition by the force of his active and virile mind and his undaunted courage, he succeeded in directing the framing by that constitutional convention of an instrument which has stood the test of the courts and has become the model for other States.

When, in 1894, Senator Edward Carey Walthall retired for the last part of a term in the Senate the legislature, which had just reelected him for another full term, was in session, and McLAURIN was elected to fill the resigned portion of that term over several very popular and powerful candidates.

After this, serving as governor for four years, he met fully the hopes and expectations of those who gave him the honor. Having no opponent in the convention which nominated him for governor, he began his executive work the choice of the whole people and under obligation to no faction. With his usual energy and industry he administered public affairs, giving little attention to hostile criticism, which was occasionally

evoked by his acts. In following the course marked out for himself he was not indifferent to praise or blame, in fact, he keenly appreciated approbation and was sensitive to hostile opinion, but his determination was too strong to be changed by one or the other. At the expiration of that service he was elected to the Senate over a strong, resourceful, and popular opposition, and at last he was reelected for the present term without opposition for nomination in his party or for election before the legislature.

His career here is familiar to those who sat here with him. He was a diligent, industrious, practical, indefatigable, and wise committee man. He never shirked any obligation. He had a heavy assignment of committee work, and there was never any complaint that he shirked or neglected that duty. He was ready in debate, especially upon legal questions.

While here he endeared himself not only to the Members of this body but to all the employees, however humble they might be, by the kindly consideration he always showed them, by his cheerful good humor, which never flagged.

His purse—a spare one—was open at all times to the needy, whether friend or stranger. His resources of all kinds were constantly strained to furnish relief to those encouraged to come to him by his well-known disposition to help. He did not talk of these things; he simply gave help and went quietly his way.

Senator McLaurin's noblest virtue was his willingness to forget and his ability to forgive. While he compelled his foes to feel fully that relationship, yet was he always ready to forgive, to fly the flag of truce for purposes of peace.

He spoke fewer criticisms of those with whom he disagreed, said fewer evil things of others than any man I ever knew. He was courageous but pacific, firm but placatory, and I have never heard him use those ordinary expressions of the vindictive

man about "getting even" with an enemy, "camping on his trail," or repaying injury.

He was remarkably free from bitterness, and never in my long and close association with him have I heard a denunciation from his lips, yet no opportunity was ever lost to give a kindly word of praise for anyone whom he liked. Is, then, there a question as to why this man had so many loyal, affectionate friends at home or why so many of us here loved him?

As a lawyer he ranked among the first in his State. His particular forte was criminal law, and I have heard it said by the best judges in the State that for the management of a case in court he was without a peer. He had the good fortune, as he thought, always to be defending innocent men, and he was so thoroughly enlisted in the cause of his client that he could not believe him to be guilty. So he derived a certain satisfaction from that fact, which he was very fond of repeating, and he called it his good luck that he was never called upon to defend a man who was really bad.

Senator McLaurin married early in life a lady who was very superior in judgment, in her personal charms, in the softness and amiability of her temper. He had a large family, of whom seven survive, one boy and six girls—the girls noted for physical beauty and for intellectual grace, the boy inheriting the talents of his father and pursuing the same profession.

He was a member, and a consistent one, as far as human infirmities will permit a man of his temperament to be, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He attended its exercises and implicitly believed in its creed. He never at any time was harassed by metaphysical speculations, never afflicted with conflicting doubts and baffling inquiries into the unknowable. He never stopped to inquire of the soul whence, whither, or why. He attempted no revival of memory of a past existence, and while we have all at different times, throughout all the ages,

and in every race of mankind, come to the conclusion that the soul is immortal, some having reasoned it out to a conviction and some having simply relied upon expectation and the ever-recurring hope in what they were taught, he had no doubts upon the matter. He trusted himself to the Bible as a guide for his faith and practice, and relied upon the kindly assistance of his church.

His name will long exist as a bright star in the broad firmament of American great names, and the people of his State will not forget that kindly nature that sprang from a true democracy. It has been remarked over and over again in his own State that no man within the State had ever so thoroughly possessed the love of the people who met him familiarly. His perfect democracy, both in politics and in society; his accessibility, his pliability, his generosity to his family and friends, and his ever readiness to sympathize with a neighbor made him the idol of those who knew him best. He was a very devoted and loving husband and a very fond and indulgent father, and the tenderness with which they clung around and to him marked the depth of their affection which was in response to his own.

With his brothers and with his connections by marriage he was the soul of generosity.

This man who, from his humble beginning, attained all of the honors during a period of years that his people could give him, trusted in every relation of life, responding fully to the expectations of those who honored him, left the scene of his activities and his energies when he was beginning to think most clearly and to act with most wisdom.

I have sometimes wondered, when I thought of this good man with whom I was so long associated and for whom I held an affectionate friendship, why it was that I, so much his senior and always so afflicted, should have lived when he was taken.

But that is one of the mysteries of that Providence which orders all things well.

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain,  
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain.

This the family of this good man can take for their comfort,  
and—

Let them bear what God on their spirit shall lay,  
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, pray.

Mr. President, it is impossible for me to express what I feel when I speak of my late associate. The sympathy that we had in our public official business, the conferences we held, the deference which he, without any merit on my part, was accustomed to show to my opinion, the readiness with which he was willing to come to terms on anything in dispute, and that ever-considerate kindness which he showed to me awakened my liveliest appreciation and deserves and has my gratitude.

There is nothing I can say about McLAURIN in his official career here that would be new to the Senate, but to say that he was approved at home is merely to say that the people who elected him knew him.

**ADDRESS OF MR. LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS**

Mr. President, the formal eulogy, always difficult, seems most unsatisfying and insufficient where the affections are engaged, where the stroke of death has fallen all too soon, where a gap has been made in friendship which may close but can never be filled. In speaking of Senator McLAURIN I can think only of the friend and not of the public man. As wide apart in politics as our States are on the map, my relation with him was wholly that of a warm personal friendship. I knew, of course, of his eminence at the bar of his own State, of his power with a jury. I knew that he had been governor of Mississippi—an excellent administrator, popular and beloved. I was familiar with his work here, with his ability in debate, with his care and good sense as a legislator, and with his courage of conviction that never failed. Others will speak of his attributes and career as a public man and of the character and quality of his public service with a more intimate knowledge than I possess and better than I could hope to do. I should like for my part to give, if I can, the impression which he made on me as a friend and as an associate in the work of the Senate, especially on the Immigration Commission, wholly removed from the differences of party politics and policies.

I was here when Mr. McLAURIN entered the Senate, but during his first period of service I only knew him slightly. Then he left us to become governor of his State, and it was after his return, and during his second term as Senator, that I came to know him well, to learn what a delightful companion he could be, to appreciate his humor and kindness, and to understand the qualities which made all his friends regard him with so much affection. Some of those qualities of mind and heart lay upon the surface, others were deeper and less obvious.



In trying to depict him as he seemed to me in life and as he seems to me now even more strongly in memory, there is one word which I must use but which I can not employ without explanation. Merely to apply it and pass on would only leave upon the record a commonplace and perfunctory phrase, and however inadequately I may speak I can not suffer any words of mine to appear perfunctory when uttered over the grave of a man toward whom I felt as I did to Senator McLAURIN. Therefore I must try to explain what the word I am about to use means to me when I apply it to my dead friend.

Among the many excellent words which have been driven into exile, spoiled, discredited, vulgarized by misuse, abuse, and indiscriminate and meaningless application none has fared worse than those fine old words "gentleman" and "lady." They have been flung about as if they merely indicated sex and species, and most people shrink from them because they seem to have lost reality and become a kind of cast-off finery. They have been treated as if they did not possess a deep significance, all the deeper as the idea of rank and artificial distinction has faded from them and been replaced by a conception of character and conduct, of manners and beliefs which no other phrase conveys. Yet it is sometimes impossible to express one's thought except by using the word "gentleman," although it should never be employed lightly or unadvisedly. Even where it is properly used and justly applied it is too often narrowed by coupling with it qualifications of place or time, like "a fine old English gentleman," or "a gentleman born," or "a gentleman of the old school." To do this is to confuse the incidental and accidental with the permanent and essential. Manners vary with place and time; they are important, but after all are only "letters commendatory" as Queen Isabella called them. Customs and standards of behavior change, but a gentleman in the highest and truest acceptance must always and everywhere

and at all epochs have been the same, for the word could not otherwise fulfill the idea which it conveys and which has been slowly formed through centuries of time. Yet clear as the conception is, definition in language is almost hopelessly difficult. None of the many hitherto attempted, and their name is legion—not even the best—is wholly satisfactory. Nevertheless, every one knows what the word in its highest significance means. "Honor and shame from no condition rise." A plow-boy may be a gentleman and so may an earl, but not because the one happens to be a peer and the other a lad from the furrow. We know instinctively what we mean when we say "gentleman," even if we can not express it, just as we know without analysis that—

Absent thee from felicity awhile—

is noble and beautiful verse and that—

The world's a bubble and the life of man  
Less than a span—

is not.

Take two of the greatest of the sons of men, Cæsar and Napoleon. Although it would require many pages to tell my reasons, I am none the less sure that the Roman was a gentleman and that the Corsican, for all his marvelous genius, was not. The greatest soldier and one of the greatest diplomatists produced by the English-speaking race was the first Duke of Marlborough; one of the greatest men of all time was George Washington. I am sure that George Washington was also a great gentleman and that John Churchill was not. When Thackeray sought to show that George IV, commonly called in his day "The first gentleman in Europe," was the reverse of everything that a gentleman ought to be, he contrasted the King at his coming-out ball as Prince of Wales with Washington resigning his command at Annapolis. It is a very noble

passage, and then Thackeray tries to define a gentleman. Perhaps no one has come nearer to the ideal we all have in our minds.

What is it to be a gentleman?

He asks:

Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be.

With these words on my lips let me now say that what I felt most strongly in Senator McLaurin was that he was such a thorough gentleman. As I saw him he was always a kind, gentle, generous, loyal friend. Thackeray, if I may quote him once more, defined the "snob," whom he made the subject of the most ferocious and most brilliant satire of the last century, as one "who meanly admires a mean thing." Senator McLaurin was incapable of mean admiration of anything, most of all of a mean thing. He was as free from envy as he was from subserviency. He grudged no man good fortune; he bent the knee neither to place nor power, least of all to mere money, the god of modern idolatry.

Some years ago I asked him to do me a favor, to give me an assurance which would enable me to go home on an errand of great importance to me. He probably forgot it all and never thought of it again. I have never forgotten what he said and never can. The words he used as he gave me the assurance I asked revealed to me in a flash a noble, loyal, and generous heart; a quick and comprehending sympathy only too rarely found. I felt that here was a man to whom I could intrust my honor or my fortune or the welfare of those I love better far than aught else the world can give. I felt that he would guard a

trust more sacredly than his own life, as jealously as his own honor, and rather than fail would fall with it as "Good Sir James" of Douglas fell among the Moorish squadrons with the heart of the Bruce locked in its jeweled casket beneath him. The feeling and the faith he then inspired in me have never changed. His death only renders them more vivid and my sorrow more keen as I make record of them here.

ADDRESS OF MR. BAILEY OF TEXAS

Mr. President, during the twenty years that I have served in the two Houses of Congress I have never before participated in a memorial service, but my relations with Senator McLAURIN were such that I am not willing for these exercises to close without expressing that affectionate regard in which I cherished him for so many years. We were born in counties which touch each other, and he was the first man of political distinction whose personal acquaintance it was my privilege to enjoy. I was then a mere boy, and though he was himself a very young man, he had won a high place in the confidence and esteem of the people of Mississippi. It happened that my father helped to secure for him the first nomination which his people ever bestowed upon him, and many years after that he repaid that kindness by helping to secure for me the first nomination which I ever received at the hands of the people.

From the first day I knew him until he passed from amongst us there was never a moment that I did not love him. Thrown with him in the most intimate association, which the lawyers can well understand, or at least those of them who have practiced law at the circuit, brought in close contact with him while we were attending court in the interior counties, which were not reached by the railroad, and there for a week at a time, through the day in the court room and during the night in an old-fashioned country tavern, I learned to know him as men come to know each other under such associations.

I have seen him under circumstances that tried a man as by the fire, but I never knew him to do anything or to say anything that his friends could not remember with satisfaction.

He was, as the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Lodge] has so well said, preeminently a gentleman, and he was more, if a man can be more than that. He was as loyal a friend as ever breathed the breath of life, and was as unselfish a patriot as ever served a country. Gentle as a woman and amiable as any man ought to be, he was yet as firm against those who entreated him to do what his conscience would not permit as any man I have ever known. He never betrayed a trust or deserted a friend, though he did sometimes practice the virtue of forgiving an enemy.

Confiding as a child, I have known his confidence to be abused, but I never heard him utter a complaint against even those who abused it. He lived in that sublime philosophy which teaches us that it is better to have our confidence betrayed by some men than it is to lose our confidence in all men.

Not only, Mr. President, was he all that a man, a neighbor, a friend, a citizen, and a public servant should be, but to all those personal qualities he added an intellectual power which was never fully appreciated in this Chamber. Though he commanded the respect of every Senator on both sides, and though his opinions were received with a certain deference, yet as one who loved him more and more than did anybody who did not bear his blood, I know that highly as he was appreciated by all here, he was still not appreciated as he would have been had God spared his life and his people continued him in their service, because I know the quality of his intellect and I know that it would have elevated him to a still higher place in this body.

I have seen him in the court room, where he was almost invincible. Indeed, Mr. President, I say it with affection, but I say it because it is the truth, he was almost an obstruction to the administration of justice. He could come nearer, in his addresses to the jury, "making the worse appear the better

reason," than any man whom it has ever been my privilege to hear on frequent occasions. The records of the courts in the State where we were born and where his splendid talents were employed bear ample witness of his power in that respect; and perhaps the highest tribute that I can pay to him, and when I have said that I am done, is to say that he was a great and successful criminal lawyer, who never engaged in criminal practices.

## ADDRESS OF MR. GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mr. President, others will speak at length and with particularity of the life and services of our departed associate, the Hon. ANSELM J. McLAURIN, of Mississippi. For me a few simple words of regard and appreciation will suffice.

I served with Mr. McLAURIN for a considerable time on an important committee, and in that way learned to admire his industry and ability and to highly esteem him for qualities of heart and mind that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. I counted him as my friend, and his death came to me in the nature of a personal bereavement.

Mr. President, John Fiske, in his posthumous monograph on *Life Everlasting*, gives an admirable description of the faith of to-day in immortality; a faith which pictures our indestructible consciousness of a future life. His statement expresses what science hints at, and what philosophy confirms, as to the world beyond. These are his words:

That solemn moment in which, for those who have gone before and for us who are to follow, the eye of sense beholds naught save the ending of the world, the entrance upon a black and silent eternity, the eye of faith declares to be the supreme moment of a new birth for the disenthralled soul, the introduction to a new era of life compared with which the present one is not worthy of the name. Who can tell but that this which we call life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening? From this vantage ground of thought the human soul comes to look without dread upon the termination of this terrestrial existence. The failure of the bodily powers, the stoppage of the fluttering pulse, the cold stillness upon the features so lately wreathed in smiles of merriment, the corruption of the tomb, the breaking of the ties of love, the loss of all that has given value to existence, the dull blankness of irremediable sorrow, the knell of everlasting farewells—all this is seized upon by the sovereign imagination of man and transformed into a scene of transcending glory, such as in all the



vast career of the universe is reserved for humanity alone. In the highest of creatures the divine immanence has acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh and assert an individuality untrammelled by the limitations which in the present life everywhere persistently surround it. Upon this view death is not a calamity, but a boon, not a punishment inflicted upon man, but the supreme manifestation of his exceptional prerogative as chief among God's creatures.

Mr. President, as I recall the fact that of the large number of Senators who were here when I became a member of this body only six remain, one of whom is to-day hovering between life and death, I am forcibly reminded that those of us who still remain will soon join our late associate, and the contemplation of that thought leads me to quote a verse from a little poem entitled "Sit closer, friends:"

Again a parting sail we see,  
Another boat has left the shore;  
A kinder soul on board has she  
Than ever left the land before,  
And as her outward course she bends,  
Sit closer, friends.

Mr. McLAURIN, whose untimely death we all deeply deplore, belonged to a class of men not too common in this country. He was primarily a gentleman—a gentleman at all times and under all circumstances; a characteristic which the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts so interestingly dwelt upon. His hand grasp was inspiring, and his friendly greeting was contagious. There was a heartiness and sincerity in his manner, that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and his warmth of heart and manly conduct will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to know him as we knew him.

Men like Senator McLAURIN have accomplished great results and have left their impress on the laws and institutions of our country. A farmer's boy, a soldier, a student, a lawyer, a state official, and a Senator of the United States; what a record

that is for one to achieve practically unaided and alone! It represents energy, industry, integrity, ambition, and courage. It means that obstacles were met and overcome, and that success was wrought by patient endurance and a sublime faith. Glancing back over his career, when he had gained the coveted place in the Senate, he might well have looked forward to the accomplishment of still greater things for his State and the Nation. And in this body he did not disappoint those who admired and trusted him. He was a good Senator, attentive to his duties, courteous to his associates, and sincere and honest in his advocacy of public measures. He was a party man, but not a bigot. He believed in the principles and policies of the Democratic party, but he cheerfully yielded to others the right to differ from the beliefs that he held. He was a man of high ideals and lofty purposes. Full of humor, he was also a man of deep convictions and serious thought.

In the death of Senator McLaurin the State of Mississippi lost a faithful and distinguished servant, and those of us who served with him here cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that the Senate of the United States will long miss his genial personality, his earnest labors, and his devoted service. His death, so sad and unexpected, is another reminder of the inevitable and should serve as an incentive to loftier purposes and nobler deeds on the part of those of us who are left to continue the labors in which he so lately participated. He is gone, but his memory will remain an enduring monument to an honorable, upright, and distinguished life.

ADDRESS OF MR. TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE

Mr. President, to-day the curtain has fallen upon the turbulent scenes of political discussion; the swords of contention are sheathed, and this great forum of national hope and glory is turned into a pantheon of memory.

Another noble actor has made his final exit from the stage of human life, and we lay aside the cares and responsibilities of public duty to pay tribute to the blessed dead.

ANSELM J. McLAURIN, who but a little while ago so ably represented his State in this body and who seemed so full of health and hope and energy, in the very noontide of his splendid career has gone from the clamorous councils of men to the peaceful silence of the grave; but he shall not sleep alone there, for—

All that tread the globe  
Are but a handful to  
The tribes that slumber in  
Its bosom.

And all who breathe to-day, and all the generations yet to come, must feel the sting that stilled his heart, and go hence and make their beds with him.

We shall not see our beloved colleague again in this world, but the influence of his beautiful character and charming personality still lingers here, like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone.

History may not write him as great as the greatest statesman of his day, for he did not employ his faculties as the representative of any special interest on this floor; yet he was great in the superb equilibrium of his intellectual and moral powers, and he towered above the majority. He did not jut out like a monolith, but his sky line was high and even and showed few

gaps in his journey from the cradle to the grave. He did not aspire to rule the Nation, yet he ruled supreme in the hearts of his own people.

He had a long and eventful career, which culminated in his election as governor of Mississippi and then to the United States Senate in 1900. He was reelected in 1906, but in the midst of his service to his people and his country, after answering to the roll call of the Senate for nine years, he was suddenly summoned to answer to the roll call of eternity.

Mr. President, I believe in the philosophy which teaches that all things were created for a purpose, and that every child born into the world is intended to play some legitimate and honorable part in the great drama of human destiny, looking to the final perfection and ultimate harmony of all the elements of society and civilization and the fulfillment of the prophecy that "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God."

The noble McLAURIN played his rôle, and played it well. He was one of the stars in the national cast of characters. He was a veritable tribune of the people, believing in their sovereignty and their virtue and always ready to defend them with the courage of a lion. He was a lawyer of high attainment and a close student of civic science. He had the faculty of concentration, and there was no shield of sophistry that was proof against the shafts of his reason; no helmet of hypocrisy that could withstand the battle-ax of his logic.

He knew how to sympathize with the poor, for he himself had suffered the privations that followed in the wake of civil war. He had toiled in the fields for his daily bread. He had fought his own way into prominence in his chosen profession and demonstrated the glorious truth that while poverty may humble the body it can not beggar the intellect nor starve the aspirations of the soul.

Undaunted by the frowns of opposition he pressed through the thorns of obscurity and climbed to the very summit of popular favor. Undismayed by the desolation of war that surrounded him, he crossed swords with adversity and won the jeweled hand of success. He was not permitted to grow old, but while we can not fathom the mysteries of life and death, let us hope and believe that He who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand, yet even marks the sparrow's fall, knows best when to call us all, and that our colleague and friend has only obeyed the summons to a higher destiny in a brighter and better world.

He lived and loved, and labored and passed away, but is it all of life to live? Is it all of death to die? A still small voice in every human heart answers "No." The earth beneath us and the stars above answer "No." The voice of Christ whispers across the long stretch of nineteen centuries "No." The multitudinous voices of earth and air are prophecies of a world to be. The flowers of the fields rising from countless graves; the unfolding leaves of the forest heralding the approach of summer; the orchards and the meadows bursting into bloom, and myriads of winged minstrels filling the world with melody, are all the evangels of the Lord, demonstrating before our very eyes the universal victory of life over death.

Mr. President, look how the rose hears the far-away call of the sun and blushes in the presence of its God. Look how the violet comes forth from its tiny tomb and opens its glad blue eyes to greet the spring. Are they not God's own answers to the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

If the germs of inanimate life, buried beneath the sod, so surely respond to the silent command of summer, who can doubt that man shall spring up out of the unconscious dust into eternal life when God shall call? Can it be that the grass and

the flowers are resurrected from the sod of earth, while man, for whom they were made, must sleep on forever?

Sir, not only reason, but all nature, teaches us the welcome lesson of immortality; and, although our tongues may sometimes deny the faith that is within us, yet when we look down upon the pallid faces and folded hands of our blessed dead, the sweet consciousness steals over us that—

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the smiling and the weeping—

we shall meet them again.

## ADDRESS OF MR. PERCY OF MISSISSIPPI

Mr. President, other Senators more familiar, through personal contact and intimate association in the Senate Chamber, with the career of Senator McLAURIN in this body have borne generous tribute to the high esteem in which he was held by his brother Senators and to the achievements which mark his senatorial career; and now just a word of tribute from me to the man, A. J. McLAURIN, as he was known to the people of Mississippi. The salient features of his life are found in the meager biography in the Congressional Directory. Born in Mississippi in 1848; reared on a farm; a soldier, answering his country's call at 16; admitted to the bar at 20, from the proceeds of his practice caring for and educating a family of 10 children; district attorney; a member of that constitutional convention of his State which framed the constitution that has served as a model for every one adopted since by a Southern State; governor once; and three times elected United States Senator, the biography is simple and unostentatious, as was the subject of it, whose approval it had. Yet it is the story of a life to which it is meet and proper that we should pay our tribute of esteem and affection, and it is fitting that this tribute should be spread on the records of this august body—

That, perhaps, another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.

For it tells of a struggle, without the adventitious aid of wealth or influence, from the farm to the highest positions of honor and trust within the gift of the people of a State. It is

the kind of a life story that carries inspiration and hope with it; that tells of equal opportunity to all in this good land of ours. Life to him was a struggle, a battle—never a "primrose path of dalliance." He entered the arena of state politics at a time when Mississippi's best and brainiest men were struggling for political place and preferment. He pressed steadily forward to the goal of his ambition, lowering his lance before no foe, however redoubted he might be. Strong, virile, aggressive, he became a picturesque, dominating personality in state politics. His enemies were many, and the clan McLAURIN, composed of his seven brothers, numerous relatives, and the host of friends who loved and acknowledged him as chieftain, was the center of many a bitter fight; but the hills and dales of bonnie Scotland never boasted of a clan more loyal to its chief nor of one more eager to render unquestioning obedience to his every behest, and again and again it followed him to hard-won victory. There were no deserters from these ranks, for unconsciously, without effort, he practiced the precept—

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

And well he repaid their devotion. Kind and loving as a father, the humblest follower knew that "Anse," as he loved to have them call him, was his truest friend and protector. In those who followed him he saw few faults, and for them his heart and purse were always open. He lived close to the heart of the plain people. He understood and sympathized with their every hope, aspiration, and need, and he bound them to him with ties of love and gratitude.

And so he won his way to this Senate Chamber; and here, as the years went by, the unfailing courtesy, the kindly dignity, the patriotism which he brought to the discharge of his high duties won the hearts of those who had oft opposed him. Ever



growing and broadening with the flight of time, in conquering others he had conquered self, for—

He held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

And then, when life seemed to stretch fairest before him, the sagacious leader, the loyal friend, the faithful husband, the tender, loving father, went to join the loved ones of the clan who waited for him on the farther shore.

Mr. President, in behalf of the Senators from North Dakota, my colleague and myself, I now offer the resolution I send to the desk and ask for its adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Secretary will read the resolution.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. McLAURIN, the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the junior Senator from Mississippi.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, April 4, 1910, at 12 o'clock meridian.



## PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

TUESDAY, *January 4, 1910.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Once more, Almighty God, our heavenly Father, in the dispensation of Thy providence are we brought face to face with a new year. The past is gone, with its joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, victories and defeats, leaving us the richer, if we are wise, by its experiences. Help us, we beseech Thee, with open hearts, clear conceptions, noble aspirations, and high ideals to go forward with faith and confidence to whatsoever Thou hast in store for us, that we may use the talents, few or many, which Thou hast bestowed upon us, that they may increase to our good and add somewhat to the public weal, seeking ever to find the best that is in ourselves and the best that is in our fellow-men; that we may lend a helping hand to others and glorify Thy holy name, in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Parkinson, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed without amendment bill and joint resolution of the following titles:

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH MCLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. BOWERS. Mr. Speaker, the House has been advised by a resolution of the Senate, communicated to this body, of the recent death of Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi. At a future time I shall ask that a day be set aside in order that the House may pay proper tribute to his memory. In the meantime I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, a Senator of the United States from the State of Mississippi.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions. The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

FRIDAY, *February 18, 1910.*

Mr. SPIGHT. Mr. Speaker, at a former day of this session resolutions were presented to the House announcing the death of Hon. A. J. McLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi; and it was stated at that time that at a future period a day would be set apart for memorial exercises. In that connection I desire to present the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Mississippi asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Ordered*, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, the 13th day of March, at 12 o'clock, to be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. A. J. McLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

The question was taken, and the resolution was agreed to.

SUNDAY, April 24, 1910.

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

O, Thou great Father Soul, in whose boundless and unchanging love we live and move and have our being, we bless Thee for the sanctity of home with all its sweet and tender associations, for our Republic with its sacred institutions and high ideals, for every loyal citizen throughout its length and breadth, for its Constitution, which recognizes no guild, no party, no section, no creed, but would guarantee to all liberty, justice, equal rights.

We are here to-day in memory of one of her noble sons who, early in life thrown upon his own resources, by dint of industry and perseverance carved for himself a record worthy of all emulation. His loyalty, ability, and integrity, recognized by the people of his State, called him to service, which was so willingly and faithfully performed that he was honored by them with a place in the United States Senate, where he acquitted himself with honor to his State and Nation.

We thank Thee for our religion, with its hopes and promises ever inspiring men to noble life and faithful service. Senator McLAURIN recognized its great truths and identified himself with it and died a member of his chosen church.

This be the comfort of those who knew and loved him. Let the everlasting arms be about the members of his family and help them to look forward with faith and confidence to that better life where death never enters; and everlasting praise be Thine, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order for the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Ordered*, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, the 10th day of April, at 12 o'clock, to be set apart for addresses on the life, character,

and public services of Hon. A. J. McLAURIN, late a Senator from the State of Mississippi.

Mr. CANDLER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. A. J. McLAURIN, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Mississippi: Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the late Senator A. J. McLAURIN, and as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator A. J. McLAURIN, and in recognition of his eminent ability and distinguished service, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the late Senator A. J. McLAURIN, and

That the Clerk be ordered to communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

**MEMORIAL ADDRESSES**

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**ADDRESS OF MR. COLLIER OF MISSISSIPPI**

MR. SPEAKER: ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, son of Lauchlin and Ellen Tullus McLaurin, was born at Brandon, Miss. At the age of 16 he entered the confederate army. After the great struggle between the States was over, he spent two years at the Sumnerville Institute. In 1868 he began the practice of law. Three years afterwards he was elected district attorney. He rapidly attained eminence as a lawyer, especially in the criminal branch of the profession. In 1879 Senator McLAURIN was elected to the state legislature. He was presidential elector at large in 1888 and delegate to the constitutional convention in 1890. In 1894 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Senator Walthall. In 1895 he served the people of Mississippi as chief executive. He was again elected to the United States Senate in January, 1900, for the term beginning March 4, 1901, and was reelected for the term beginning March 4, 1907.

He had been a useful member of various legislative and administrative bodies of his native State before he entered the Senate of the United States. Ripe in experience when he came into that body, he entered upon his official duties with earnest zeal and efficiency, and with an eye single to the public welfare. The best interests of the State and country were ever his aim, and when he died he left behind him, as a memorial of his toil, "an honored name, the memory of earnest deeds well done."

Nature was kind to Senator McLAURIN. She bequeathed to him rare qualities of heart and mind.

Few men possessed a greater power for making men love him. He was probably known personally to more people than any other man who ever lived in Mississippi. One of the reasons for his great and unfailing political success was due to the immense individual following he had—the great number of personal friends among the rich and poor alike, who were ever ready to rise at midnight, if needed, to help "ANSE," as he was familiarly and affectionately called.

His capacity for work was apparently unlimited. He was tireless in his services to the people. The request of the humblest constituent received as prompt and faithful a response as that of the highest in the land. He was essentially a commoner. He was a self-made man. In his youth he toiled in the fields. He knew what it meant to earn his daily bread in the sweat of his brow. From his large and varied experience in life he knew and sympathized with the wants of his fellow-man. He was never so happy as when doing some one a service.

Since I have been in Washington I have heard two stories about Senator McLAURIN. One cold winter's night he was on a street car, going to his hotel. Rain mixed with sleet was dashing against the car windows. He noticed that the motor-man stood on a wet platform and that he had no overshoes. The Senator did not know who he was or where he was from. He only knew that out on the platform, partially protected from the rain and sleet, a human being was standing in the wet and cold. As the car stopped at his hotel, this United States Senator took the overshoes from his own feet and lent them to the man driving the car.

The other story was related to me last summer. One evening, after the Senate had adjourned, Senator McLAURIN and some of his friends were coming down the street. They were stopped by an old woman who, in a voice trembling with age,



inquired the way to a certain place. The party directed her as best they could; but the old woman seemed so uncertain and so troubled that Senator McLaurin, realizing that she was unable to follow the directions, excused himself from his friends and retraced his steps for several squares, until he was close enough to point out the building the old woman was seeking, and then hurried away to escape her voluble thanks.

These incidents were related to me long before the Senator's death. I mention them now as illustrations showing the kind and generous heart of the late Senator from Mississippi. The Book of Books tells us that "by their works ye shall know them;" and by deeds of thoughtfulness and generosity was Senator McLaurin best known.

It was my melancholy privilege to be present at the funeral of this great Mississippian. I had just reached home the day before, to spend the holidays in Vicksburg, and heard the news of his death while on the train. It was on Christmas eve. Every store in the little town of Brandon was closed, and people from all over the State gathered in groups and in low, hushed tones spoke reverently and affectionately of the deceased Senator.

By a strange coincidence a brother of Senator McLaurin, apparently strong and well only a few weeks before, was also stricken down suddenly and without warning. I heard the good man who preached the funeral sermon of Senator McLaurin say that in the period of twenty-odd months, in the same church, this was the fourth funeral sermon he had preached in the McLaurin family, three of the Senator's brothers preceding him to the grave.

We have assembled here to-day to do honor to his memory. On occasions of this kind we are confronted by the darkest of all mysteries, the most stupendous of all inquiries, the old, old

question of the immortality of the soul. "Whether at the end of life's journey we shall find a door or a wall faith alone vouchsafes a reply."

All the intellectual forces of mankind from the Chaldean sages down have endeavored to solve this dread problem, but to-day we are no nearer its solution than when Adam and Eve were driven from the paradise of Eden. "The lips of the young inquiring 'whence' and the old asking 'whither,' are alike unanswered." All we can know is that we are born, we live, and we must surely die. The grim reaper watches at our side from dawn until dark and comes in a thousand ways. It reaches forth its clammy hand and stills the lisping lips of childhood. Its bitter stroke descends unwelcomed and unannounced upon vigorous manhood. It halts the faltering steps of old age and 'kings and princes obey its summons with the promptitude of the beggar and the serf."

Sophists may tell us that the "stars go down to shine on other skies," but we know that they will "set their gold within our skies again." The grim frosts of winter may kill the bloom and beauty of summer, but in the early morning of the new year we know that the spring will wake again and fill all the land with radiance and all the air with song.

Something in our hearts tells us—

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
And while the moldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,  
The soul of origin divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day.

Upon the sheet anchor of immortality we base all our hopes. "It is the rainbow of promise shining through the tears of grief." This divine hope of a heavenly reunion comforts our

souls in the hour of desolation and robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory.

The end must come to us all. Say what we may, act as we will, death is terrible. It is terrible when it comes accompanied by the cannon's opening roar; when the clashing of the sabers is echoed and reechoed by the sharp rattle of musketry until men changed to demons trample each other in their lust for blood.

It is terrible to die by the assassin's hand, when, unheralded and unprepared, some innocent one is hurled into the awful presence of his Maker. Come to the one who is surrounded by loving friends, a happy home, a faithful wife and little ones to "cluster around his knees and encircle themselves about his heart," and it is terrible. Yet go where we may, do what we will, it is the stern, inexorable decree of fate. It is my portion, it is your portion; and as we stand at the lonely grave of some one dear to us we ask—

Why should the tear drops burn our eyelids standing at his tomb?

Why should we hide our faces there where the ferns and the flowers bloom?

It is only a little, little while till the last of us all shall go

Out over the rim of that radiant sky and know what our dear dead know.

Death, thou art terrible, but as "we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly; so when this mortal shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

Senator McLaurin has gone from our midst, but he is not forgotten. And though the voice of a friend is hushed and a familiar face is missing, yet—

Why do the shadows oftenest come

Where the other shadows are?

Why do the hordes of anguish follow

Hard on the heels of care?

Why did Christ come sorrowing  
And not to a glad refrain?  
Why was the world's redemption scheme  
Born in sorrow and pain?  
Why is the heart of motherhood  
By the hand of an infant torn?  
Why must a nation travail  
That some great truth be born?  
Why is subtlest perfume found  
In flowers that grow in shade?  
And why from dwellers in vales of tears  
Are shapers of destiny made?  
Do you think the life of Christ  
Would have had that power to thrill  
If there had been no Gethsemane,  
No Calvary's shadowy hill?  
Or do you think that your own life  
Would have been pure as it is to-day  
If the disappointments that came to it  
Passed by some other way?

**ADDRESS OF MR. SHERWOOD OF OHIO**

Mr. Speaker, Senator ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN was one of that rare type of statesmen who never strayed from the straight path of duty, and who was never away from the people whom he loved and served so faithfully.

I knew Senator McLAURIN well, and in a winter's home with him on Capitol Hill I learned to appreciate his sterling worth and to warm to him as a friend. I knew of his boyhood life and of his early manhood struggles to win recognition and honor in the battle of life, and recognized in him the social, moral, and mental qualities which made him the idol of the people of his State. Recognizing his high executive ability and fidelity to every previous trust, the people of Mississippi made him governor and then United States Senator. His life, his career, his example, his achievements in the domain of law and civics are valuable mentors to hold up to the young men of to-day who are struggling against adverse environment. For Senator McLAURIN was born poor—poor in here; poor, as Milton says, in "the tool of fools," but rich in soul and brain and hope and courage and that never-say-die spirit of his Scotch ancestry. He was born on a farm, breathed the untainted air of the woods and fields, and worked on a farm to the neglect of an early education. But he gathered in that wholesome work the physical strength and stamina so indispensable to a successful struggle with the clash of master minds in the wide domain of civics.

Young McLAURIN first read books at night by the light of a pine-knot fire. Not an alluring light for a well-to-do modern collegiate; but knowledge hard to get is always absorbed with more avidity and is sure to make a more lasting impression on

the plastic mind. Later young McLaurin studied law, and without a preceptor, after he had acquired by his own effort the rudiments of a plain English education. With this meager equipment he started on his remarkable career. Successively he was district attorney, presidential elector, member of the constitutional convention of Mississippi, governor of the State, and three times elected United States Senator.

His political career is rarely exceptional. I am told he was never defeated, either in a nomination to which he aspired or an election. His whole career was marked by a courageous honesty of both purpose and action, and he never weakened in a cause he believed to be just and he never betrayed a friend. All in all, he ranks as the peer of any Senator Mississippi has honored in the past; a State that has always held a high place in that great forum of the States.

We should not let this occasion pass without gathering some lesson of value to the living, especially to the young men of to-day, who, like our departed friend in his boyhood are struggling against what seems adverse fate. The brightest gleam of hope for the poor young man of to-day is in the knowledge that the greatest men who have ever served or shone in the high places of power in this Republic have been, like Senator McLaurin, of humble birth, limited opportunities in boyhood, and poor. And of this class the South has furnished the most remarkable examples. Let me name a few in the order of merit and commanding influence.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, twice President of the United States, the commanding general of the most remarkable victory of the war of 1812. Jackson represents the most remarkable uplift, considering his poor beginnings, in the history of the Republic. He was the son of a North Carolina farm laborer, without early education, without friends of influence, with nothing but himself. He achieved the topmost pinnacle

of power and fame—President of the United States and the military hero of his time.

Henry Clay, born poor, self-educated, self-made, the foremost orator of his time, the idol of his party; Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Cabinet member, three times candidate for President.

Thomas H. Benton, born poor, in North Carolina, self-educated; thirty years in the United States Senate. Benton was the superior of Clay in the arena of debate in the Senate and a more thorough student of government, and he left his impress more distinctly upon his country in his great historical work, *Thirty Years in the Senate*.

And still another great son of the South, born poor, and self-educated and self-made—John C. Calhoun; conceded to be the most profound logician who ever sat in the Senate.

These are names to conjure with, because they stand for something this country needs to-day more than anything else—more recognition of manhood and less recognition of the man of only money merit. Not to talk history, but to illuminate some inspiring chapters of our political history, do I mention these great men of the South, who, like our departed friend, won power and fame, notwithstanding the humbleness of their beginnings.

And what is the true measure of greatness? Not all in achievements. Example, fidelity to an ideal, and the value of that ideal. It was the greatest of Athenian philosophers who said:

It is not music nor the gymnasium, nor the schools that mold young men. It is much more—the public example. If you take one whose life has no high purpose and crown him in the theater, every boy who sees it is corrupted.

Two thousand years have not changed the value of this philosophy. Lord Byron wrote the greatest dramatic poem of

the nineteenth century—Waterloo. He was a great poet, but not a great man. His life had no high purpose. His example was harmful to good morals. Leopold of Belgium was one of the greatest monarchs of modern Europe, but in his social life he was a moral degenerate. Both his life and influence were degenerate. Hence, no enlightened estimate can place him on a pedestal with great men. Walt Whitman was a great man—great as a poet, great as a man—because he gave us a new baptism of democracy. Count Tolstoi is not only the greatest sociologist of either the nineteenth or twentieth centuries, but the greatest evangel of Christian brotherhood.

Senator McLAURIN has left to his family, his kindred, and his State a record of achievements that should fill their hearts with pride and mellow the acute sorrow over his untimely death. And there is a deeper consolation, told with so much pathos by Longfellow:

There is no death; what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

On this sacred Sabbath day in this historic Chamber let us consecrate ourselves to that fervent patriotism, that high purpose to serve the people we are honored to represent, with the courage and fidelity which characterized our departed friend, a statesman whose friendship added to our joys of living and whose character and example gave us hope for the best ideals in popular government.

Reflect that life, like any other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone,  
Not for itself, but for a noble end.



ADDRESS OF MR. SPIGHT OF MISSISSIPPI

Mr. Speaker, Shakespeare said:

The evil men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

In this respect he was a pessimist, and I am glad that I have always been able to take a better view of life and its accomplishments. In taking a retrospective outline of the achievements of a man who, having left his impress upon the current history of his day, has passed from the stage of action, I forget his foibles, failures, and mistakes, and remember only the good he has done. I rather agree with Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," that—

In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much is sin and blot—  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two when God has not.

Funeral orations, like epitaphs on gravestones, are often misleading; and, while soothing to the bruised hearts of loved ones, may do infinite harm to others who know facts and weigh them in the scales of dispassionate judgment. It is, therefore, sometimes difficult for the conservative mind to draw the line between fulsome eulogy and truthful delineation of character. Nil nisi bonum de mortuis—speak nothing but good of the dead—is one thing; to indulge in extravagant and unsupported encomiums is quite another. The former appeals to the heart and the generous sensibilities; the latter commends itself only to the sycophant and the hypocrite.

The life of Senator McLAURIN was not free from fault, nor have I ever known a man to whom the same criticism would not apply. That I did not always agree with him does not prove that he was wrong. He had his view point and I had mine. We both may have been right as we were given the light to see.

That his life was a remarkable and useful one no man who knows his history and that of his State will deny. From obscure surroundings and almost pinching poverty he rose to the two highest offices in the power of the State to give—governor and United States Senator. In this he furnishes an inspiration to every American boy, no matter how discouraging early conditions may be.

When a lad of 16 years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army and served until the close of the war without a stain upon his soldierly character. After his return home, through hard struggles, self-denial, and unquenchable ambition, he was admitted to the bar as a lawyer. He served as district attorney, representative in the legislature, delegate to the convention which adopted the present constitution of Mississippi, governor of the State, and one year in the United States Senate to succeed Senator Walthall, when he retired temporarily on account of bad health. On March 4, 1901, by election of the state legislature, he commenced another period of service in the United States Senate, which continued unbroken until the summons came, December 22, 1909, "Come up higher."

Senator McLAURIN was a man of simple life and lived close to the heart of the great masses of the people from whose ranks he sprang. While he was dignified in his bearing, he was easily approached by the humblest citizen. He was big-hearted, genial, and generous, and it is not strange that people loved him. He was forgiving toward his enemies and loyal to his friends. He loved his native State with a devotion that was almost idolatrous and was ever ready to defend her from

misconception and calumny. He was proud of her history on the field and in the forum, in peace or in war.

In this connection I trust I may be indulged while I state an unprecedented historical fact of which Senator McLAURIN and all Mississippians were and are justly proud. During the latter part of his service in the United States Senate there were seven native sons of Mississippi in that august body. From the State were himself and Senator Money; from the Lone Star State was the brilliant Bailey; from Arkansas was Clarke; from Nevada, the home of the "Silver King," was Newlands; from the "Golden West" was Chamberlain, of Oregon; and from the infant State of Oklahoma was the "Blind Orator," Gore. This is a record which was never equaled by any State in the Union. In addition to this, there was also the then and present Secretary of War, Hon. J. M. Dickinson, who is a native of Mississippi. In the midst of all these giant intellects McLAURIN shone resplendent.

He was a great lawyer, a true patriot, an able statesman, and, greater than all, an humble follower of the "Lowly Nazarene."

He will be missed in the counsels of his State and of the Nation, but more than all by the "loved ones at home," whom he so fondly and tenderly cared for, and whose hearts are bleeding because the "welcome step" is heard no more. To my mind the truest test of a man's character is not so much what the world says about him, but the degree of love he inspires in his own household. Home was McLAURIN's kingdom, and there he will ever be enshrined.

While we, his friends and coworkers in the National Legislature, pause on this sacred day to drop a tear upon his grave, we say to the stricken widow, children, and grandchildren that he has left you the priceless heritage of a good name:

"He has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith, he has finished his course."

**ADDRESS OF MR. GARDNER OF MICHIGAN**

Mr. Speaker, there is nothing so democratic as the manner of man's birth and death. In the advent to and departure from this world there is no respect of persons. Anxiety and pain precede the one, and pain and anxiety attend the other. The assumption of copartnership between the material and immaterial which we call life and the dissolution of that copartnership which, for lack of a better term, we call death is one of the insolvable mysteries.

In the chemistry of every human being there is combined in the infant in indefinable proportions the properties of a long ancestral line. In the embryo there are the possibilities of a new and distinct entity or individuality differing from any that has preceded or that may follow. That entity or individuality we call the man. As such he is not only held accountable for what he does, but credited or discredited for what he is or may become. Hence it is that men are judged by the deeds they do, by the personality they manifest, and by the character they develop. Nor are these standards of judgment necessarily partial or unjust. After having eliminated all of what may be termed the accidents of life it still remains that the elements we hold in common are so mixed in us that we involuntarily yield recognition to the qualities, whatever his calling, that give one precedence over his fellows. It follows, therefore, that a service of this character is, or may be, much more than a tribute, however worthy or deserving the object upon which it is bestowed, to a departed colaborer, for it should emphasize those qualities and services that make for good in all men; such services and qualities varying not so much in character as in degree.

During the forty-five years from the time the late Senator McLATRIN entered the confederate army as a lad of 16 to his recent departure from this life he had been successively a soldier, a student of letters and of law, a district attorney, a member of the legislature, a presidential elector, a member of the constitutional convention, four years governor of his native State, and three times sent to the Senate of the United States, dying while an incumbent of that high office. How brief the epitome of a career so exceptional! How suggestive of fidelity and devotion to duty wherever that duty might call!

His service as a soldier was inconspicuous, as would naturally be expected from one of his immature years. But he did what he could for a cause, to the promotion of which he tendered the peril of his life. There is no stain on his soldier record.

From the day he finished his preparatory studies and was admitted to the bar as a practicing attorney he evidently gained and held the confidence and esteem of those who knew him best, and each step forward was a step upward. He so lived and discharged the duties of each and every position he was called to fill that promotion followed naturally on service. In this respect his is an example to be emulated by all men, whether in public or private life. Through the warp and woof of his life fabric, woven in the loom of every-day experiences, from the bridal altar to the deathbed, there run the golden threads of marital fidelity and devotion. At 61 he was the lover of the wife of his choice and the mother of his children as he was at 22. This phase of his life and character I witnessed for many months with ever-increasing admiration—so manly and yet so gentle and tender was he toward her who bore him sons and daughters who became manly and womanly characters in a home of happiness and content, disproving at every point the matrimonial heresy all too common and illustrating by a concrete example that marriage is not a failure.

There was nothing of the snob in him. Holding the credentials of a sovereign State to membership in what has recently been termed by an American of international reputation the greatest legislative body in the world, and not unappreciative of the dignity of his high office, he was as considerate of the rights and feelings of his servants as of his peers. Without ostentation and without self-advertising he sought to the best of his ability to serve faithfully the humblest as well as the most conspicuous of his constituents. His high ideals of life, his gentlemanly ways and nobility of character, endeared him to all who enjoyed his acquaintance. Neither sectionalism nor partisanship barred the door of his heart nor prescribed the area from which he drew his friends in life nor the habitations of those who mourned his death. In his life were exemplified a faithful husband, a devoted father, an industrious citizen, and an honest public official. May his memory long survive to bless those who come after him!

**ADDRESS OF MR. CANDLER OF MISSISSIPPI**

Mr. Speaker, this is to me a very sad occasion. Death is always sad and brings sorrow to the heart; but especially is that true when death takes from us a relative or friend. Senator McLAURIN was my friend, and as such I loved him, and he loved me. I have had many heart to heart talks with him and each one drew me nearer and closer to him, because, with his honesty of purpose and genuine frankness, he impressed you with his sincerity. One of his most beautiful characteristics was his loyalty and devotion to his family and friends. It was a common saying of him that he never deserted a friend, and they therefore implicitly trusted him, and he trusted them. His was, indeed, an illustrious career. He was reared on a farm in Smith County, Miss., many miles from a railroad, and by energy, determination, and the proper and right use of his ability gradually rose from the humble walks of life to a seat in the United States Senate. He accomplished this because he was always faithful to every trust confided to him. As a private citizen, he measured up to the loftiest standard; as a public official, he met the highest ideals; as a Christian gentleman, his life was an example for others. I knew him intimately, and, with all the honors he enjoyed, and with his many business, professional, and official cares, he never forgot nor neglected for a moment his home and loved ones. There never was a more tender or devoted husband, a more loving or indulgent father. His home life was beautiful, and it was fitting when the final summons came that he was called from the midst of his devoted family in the home on earth to the presence of the loved ones gone before, to the home above. There is consolation and comfort to us all

in the fact that as a citizen, official, and Christian gentleman he was faithful. I could not say more.

If when I am called hence that one word "faithful" can be truthfully put as an epitaph on a simple marble shaft erected to my memory, I shall be content and happy indeed. Doctor Bolding, an eminent Methodist divine, thus wrote of him soon after his death, in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, published at Memphis, Tenn.:

In the midst of the preparation for the merry Christmas Mississippi was plunged into gloom at the death of Senator McLAURIN. "ANSE" McLAURIN was possibly not the very great man that Lamar or George was, but he was a manly, genial, generous man, of considerably more than ordinary capacity and, while not brilliant, was a steady light unto his people. I knew him very well, and knew him as an astute politician without low tricks, the genial gentleman who was as polite to the horny-handed sons of toil as to the wealthy and influential. I saw him once leave a group of cultivated gentlemen to go out into the street to greet an old farmer who was coming into town with his truck, drawn in a rickety old wagon by oxen, and it made a picture I shall never forget and an impression which abides with me till this day. It may have been policy, but it was so naturally and genially done that it was a kindly policy of a kindly hearted man, too open to signify anything of the covered way or deceptive intent. Mississippi has a right to be proud of her great men of the past, men like Prentiss, Davis, Lamar, and George, in secular public life, and the peerless Galloway, perhaps her most gifted son, in the pulpit; but she will boast of no more genial gentleman and loving son than ANSE McLAURIN, whose dust will enrich her history as the dust of the true and loyal ever does.

Peace to the ashes of this faithful public servant and genial gentleman, and comfort unto the sorrowing ones in the Brandon home. Christmas comes and goes, and so do we, to be followed by the bright-eyed and happy-hearted children of each succeeding generation, dreaming beautiful dreams and filling their world with mirthful laughter while the great world outside, with its bitter experiences, moves on, burdened and groaning under its load. It is all well enough, for it is but a step from youth to age, from smiles to tears, and from joy to sorrow, until they secure the mingled threads of one common pattern from the loom of life.



Why the Father above called the Senator to his final home in the zenith of his influence for good and with the assurance of many years of great usefulness we do not know. We can not understand such dispensations of His providence. We shall not know here, but we may know hereafter. We can console ourselves with the truth that—

All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called, according to His purpose.

The Senator loved the Lord and trusted implicitly the Lord Jesus. And of him, therefore, it can be said:

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

He rests from his labors well, efficiently, and faithfully performed for good, and the benedictions of his works still remain and follow him.

Of him it can truly further be said:

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."

Love and sympathy we give to his devoted wife and affectionate children, and with peace to his ashes and rest to his soul we say farewell, but not forever, for his life was rich in deeds of good, his faith in a crucified and risen Lord unwavering, and he did not live in vain, but waits for us on yonder shore. He is not dead, for among those who love and trust the risen Saviour—

There are no dead; we fall asleep  
To waken where they never weep;  
We close our eyes on pain and sin,  
Our breath ebbs out, but life flows in.

**ADDRESS OF MR. BOWERS OF MISSISSIPPI**

Mr. Speaker, during the late Christmas holidays the Congress, the State of Mississippi, and the entire Nation were shocked to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Hon. ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, a Senator from the State of Mississippi. While he had been ill for some time, it was supposed that he had recovered, and his death was entirely sudden and unlooked for.

When and in whatever guise it comes, death is gloomy and terrible, but when it comes to one in the prime of his life and the fullness of his usefulness it is inexpressibly sad, indeed.

Senator McLAURIN had filled a large part in the history of Mississippi. He was born in Rankin County, in that State, on the 26th day of March, 1848. He was reared on a farm, and imbibed the broadness, freedom, and breadth that comes from such environments. At the age of 16 he entered the confederate army and served until the close of that conflict.

After the war was over he attended Somerville Institute, studied law at home at night, and was licensed to practice in 1868. In 1871 he was elected district attorney of his district, and served until about 1879, when he was elected from Rankin County to the House of Representatives. In 1888 he was an elector at large on the Democratic ticket, and in 1890 he was elected a member of the constitutional convention of Mississippi, that memorable body that first blazed the way and showed the plan by which the ignorant and vicious negro could be legally, and in accordance with the amendments to the Federal Constitution, deprived of the ballot— a plan which, with few exceptions, has been followed by nearly every Southern State, and which has brought not only political but industrial

peace to every State that has adopted it, and that more than any other one thing has contributed to the great reputation of the late lamented Senator James Z. George, its author and chief advocate.

In 1894 the late Senator Walthall, on account of ill health, resigned his then term in the Senate and Senator McLaurin was chosen to fill the vacancy. While the time was short and the opportunities few Senator McLaurin at once took excellent rank in that great body.

He left the Senate to assume the governor's chair in 1896, where he served a full term of four years. During this time he added to the laurels he had already gained, and built up a popularity the equal of which has seldom, if ever, been seen in Mississippi. He was essentially a man of the people. He loved them and they loved him, and few, if any, men in that State have ever had the same hold on popular affection that he did. He had that rare tact that made friends and held them, and to say that he was universally beloved, is to state it mildly. Nor was the affection in which he was held confined entirely to his own State. It so happened that I was the only Representative from Mississippi present at the national capital at the time of his death, and it fell upon me to ascertain whether his family desired a congressional funeral, and if so, to arrange for it. I shall never forget my passage through the Capitol building the morning after his untimely end. Not an employee, not one present in the Capitol at that time, but stopped me to indulge in some expression of sorrow at Senator McLaurin's death. My journey through the building was beset on every hand by sincere and honest expressions of sorrow and tributes of regard; but I am ahead of my story of his life and services.

In 1900, at the expiration of his term of governor, he was elected to a full term in the United States Senate, and was re-elected in 1906 for a second full term of six years, beginning

March 4, 1907. He served on a number of important committees, among them Public Lands, Commerce, Interstate Commerce, Claims, and others, and was of immense service to his State. One of his chief services was to secure for it large bodies of school or university lands, to which it was entitled, but which had not before been patented. He believed in and loved his State, and served it as best he knew. He loved his friends. Nothing was too good for them, and he demanded for them without stint or hesitation what he believed was their due. Few men, if any, that I ever knew had the same capacity to make friends and hold them. As a legislator he was careful, prudent, and patriotic. As a speaker he was full of information, well rounded, and replete with anecdote and illustration. On the hustings he had few equals; in the political forum he was forceful and persuasive; at the bar he was eloquent, tactful, and effective. As a lawyer he was specially successful and effective. I can almost see him now with all of his splendid powers bent to their uttermost in the legitimate defense of his client.

I have been with him and against him in litigation, and can bear testimony that as an adversary he was formidable, and as an ally he was a force and support almost beyond computation. Not a moment but that he was at work; not a moment but that some energy, some thought, was being bent and exercised in favor of his client. He was truthful, honorable, and brave. He feared nothing and faced every wind that blew. As a husband, father, and neighbor, he was beyond reproach, and the concourse of the people that gathered in the little town of Brandon on the occasion of his simple and unostentatious funeral testify the esteem and love in which his friends and neighbors held him, while those who came from afar showed how they who lived in other parts of the State thought of him.

He is gone—he sleeps in the silent churchyard of the little town he loved so well—the peaceful sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection morn. Peace to his ashes. His friends have lost a faithful friend; his family a loving husband and father; his State a devoted son; and the Senate an active, able, and faithful Member.

**ADDRESS OF MR. BURNETT OF ALABAMA**

Mr. Speaker, when God called Senator A. J. McLAURIN to Him, earth was poorer and heaven was richer by his death. I knew him well, and always felt honored by the fact that I could call him my friend. I met him soon after he came to the Senate, lived at the same hotels with him in Washington, served on the Immigration Commission with him, and as the years came and went our friendship grew stronger.

Within his breast beat a heart as true as heaven, as gentle as a woman's, yet as brave as a lion's.

He was born in 1848, and was a boy when the first gun was fired at Sumter, but before the flag was furled at Appomattox he became one of the tattered privates who followed the stars and bars until the "storm-cradled nation" went down in defeat, but not in dishonor. I, myself, was a southern boy in those dark days. Only six years the junior of Senator McLAURIN, I well remember the awful scenes through which we passed. He and I saw many brave sons of the South go forth in the spring of 1861 happy, buoyant, hopeful, eager for battle. They were proudly clad in the gray uniform of homemade jeans, woven by the deft fingers of southern mothers and wives and sweethearts.

He in Mississippi, I in Alabama, listened day by day to the whir of the old spinning wheel as the thread was drawn out by southern maidens. He and I listened day by day to the thump, thump of the old wooden loom by which our mothers converted that thread into the gray uniform of the southern soldier boy. He in Mississippi, I in Alabama, often peeled the black walnut and the red oak barb from the trees with which to dye the

thread from which were made those uniforms of the brave, young southerners.

We both heard the piper boy and the drummer boy at the head of the columns, leading men to battle, and our young hearts throbbed with patriotic desire to follow the boys in gray. I was too young and could not keep step to strains of Dixie, but young McLAURIN left the plow at 16 to follow a cause that he believed to be just and a flag that he believed to be true.

When the sword of Lee was sheathed forever, and our "people's hopes were dead," young McLAURIN, with thousands of other southerners, young and old, returned to desolated homes and weeping mothers—"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." If the southern soldier was as brave as Achilles in time of war, he was strong as Hercules in time of peace. Upon every side he looked upon scenes of suffering, poverty, and sorrow, nothing left but an invincible heart and an unlagging trust in the eternal God.

The carpetbagger and the former slave sat in the seats of power and in the halls of our legislature. The war from 1861 to 1865 was fierce and terrible, but fiercer still was the battle with greed and ignorance and crime from 1865 to 1874. In the midst of these days young McLAURIN developed the character and characteristics which made him a leader of men. I have talked with him often about these horrible days—days that will ever mark a dark spot in the history of our Republic; days when the satrap tried to crush the proud spirit of brave men to make them bow beneath the conqueror's yoke; days when skulkers and camp followers became rulers over those who were bleeding and prostrate at their feet. It was in times like these that young McLAURIN converted the sword into the plowshare and took up the fight against the "wolf at the door."

These were times that grew strong men. The country school in the South in those days was the three months' term between

"laying by" and "fodder pulling," and yet amid such environments this young Mississippian acquired a rudimentary education and laid the foundation for a great governor and a splendid Senator.

In his home life Senator McLAURIN was happy, tender, and devoted. True as steel to principle, he was always ready to lift his hand for the oppressed and to strike down the oppressor. From a State that produced Davis and Lamar and George, he was, in many respects, the peer of either of them. No poor client ever felt that he did not get the best that was in Senator McLAURIN, regardless of the fee. No poor constituent ever had occasion to think that the noble Senator would forget the humble or the weak.

In the forum it is said that he was well-nigh invincible. On the hustings he swept those who heard him with the force of his argument and with his mastery of logic.

In his death Mississippi has lost a star of the first magnitude. The warm southern sunshine and the gentle southern showers cause the grass to grow above his ashes, yet his loved ones may well look up from that little mound to the home of the God he worshiped, where we know he rests.

A devout Christian, I have often met him on God's holy day at the church in Washington which he loved, and I felt that there was "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." In our thoughts and our hopes we may follow him, though he be dead, and through faith's unflagging vision see that wherever God is, wherever heaven is, there our friend is, too.

Let us emulate his noble, Christian life, and pray that where he is we at last may go.



**ADDRESS OF MR. CALDERHEAD OF KANSAS**

Mr. Speaker, the announcement of the death of Senator McLAURIN came to me as with the shock of personal bereavement. For the last three years we had had a home at the same hotel, and I enjoyed daily intercourse with him. Yesterday we paid our tributes of affectionate memorials to another member of that family hotel, Mr. De Armond, of Missouri. Since the death of Senator McLAURIN we have lost another. Hon. James M. Griggs, from the State of Georgia, was also a member of our little social company there. My colleague from Michigan [Mr. Gardner] has spoken tenderly about it. During the time we have lived together a warm personal friendship grew up amongst us. I was particularly attached to Senator McLAURIN. I met his family when his children were at the hotel, and I found they were the same kind of children that mine were. When my daughters were visiting me at the hotel for three or four months he treated them as if they had been members of his own family. I knew by the manner in which his family and he met daily with us, that they were an American family from an American home, with the same habits of thought, the same practices of family life, the same standards of living. And I knew by closer intercourse with him that we had the same standards of faith. We believed in a definite moral authority, and the divine cause of all existing things.

We believe in the divine purpose of the life of man and of nations. We looked into the open grave with the same hope of the everlasting life beyond. There was a sincerity and a simplicity of expression in Senator McLAURIN's conversation about these things which carried with it the conviction that he

knew them, as we know them, by faith. All the arts and sciences, all the knowledge of material things that we have, do not carry to us the knowledge which the faith in the great Creator and the great Savior carries.

I do not know how Cicero arrived at his belief in the first great cause, and I am not sure that I can state it accurately, as he stated it. I think he said that a principle is a first thing, for if it be not a first thing, then it has been caused by some other thing, and is a secondary thing. A principle, then, being a first thing, and never having been caused by anything external to it, must have existed always, and it must always continue to exist, for if any other thing be able to put an end to it, then it is not a principle but a secondary thing. Being then a principle, without beginning and without end and indestructible, it must of itself have other attributes, and first among the attributes which we must conceive as belonging to it, must be justice and power, and with these must go truth and wisdom and goodness.

How nearly he came to our Calvinistic answer to the question, What is God? "The Deity, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." This knowledge of this high Deity above us, this faith in His everlasting truth, everlasting justice, goodness, and mercy brings to the heart of every man who knows it the conviction that there is a life beyond, glorious in its fulfillment, and full of the rich endowment of hope for the life that we live here. Something of the Scotch ancestry may have given him this inheritance. Something of that must have given him the impulse of life which made him a soldier at 16, and a lawyer admitted to the bar at 20; married at 22, and from that step on, every two or three years an advancement in the affairs of his own State until he came to be her representative in the great United States Senate, and from that place was chosen to be her governor and, after four years again her Senator.

Some of us have spoken here to-day of the humble beginnings of his life as if he had toiled upward to this place of power and fame with an ambition for honor, and yet we who knew him know that he was never seeking honor; that from that humble farm in Mississippi he had never intended to be governor or Senator, but that he himself was seeking his daily duty and doing it with energy and intelligence.

I like the words of Van Dyke, who said:

The blue flower of honor is so delicate that he who seeks it shall never find it, and he who finds it needs no name.

He who seeks honor for himself shall never find it, and he who finds it finds it in the highest endeavor of a noble manhood and a noble life.

It was in this way that honor must have come to Senator McLaurin. His family, his wife, and the 10 children of that family, 7 of whom are still living, I believe, bear witness to a character of man that no words of ours may add to, and nothing, indeed, that we say here can add to his honor. What we say here may be some consolation to those who come after, to those who have been bereaved by his death; what we say here may be of some use to ourselves, for it recognizes our obligation to keep up the same standard of honor that he kept.

It renews our obligation to set before the children who come after us the example that he gave. It renews our faith in each other. It renews that comradeship in the service of a great country and a great people, which belongs to us and becomes a part of us as we serve here.

When I began I intended to say a word or two about his life as a soldier. The brief record in the Directory says that he entered the army at 16. He was four years younger than myself, and I entered the army before I was 17.

The record says that he served as a private, and I served as a private. . Now, at this distance of time I know that younger

men are unable to realize how two boys at that age, having the same standards of life and the same ideals, should be risking life upon opposite sides of a civil war. Yet I know by my intercourse with him that his was not a thoughtless service. I know that on my part I felt it my highest duty to preserve the integrity of the Union; not only the integrity of the Government and of the laws, but the integrity of all our territory. To me every revolutionary battlefield of the South was a part of my inheritance. To me the great river that flowed through it was a part of my inheritance. It was my birthright to be a citizen of the United States in any State. The traditions of the whole land and all its glorious history were a part of mine. The Constitution, the laws, the institutions, the church, the school, the hearthstone, and the table at which daily grace was said before every meal were at stake. On the other hand, to him it appeared that the same things were at stake; that somehow or other we on our part were invading a territory that was exclusively his; that we on our part were attempting the destruction of a right that was inherently his, and he went not ignorantly to carry a musket, and I went not thoughtlessly to carry a musket on our side.

The great arbitrament of the battlefield has settled the question for him and for me and for mine forever. The victory was with us, and as it was glorious, being not for conquest, but for self-preservation, it was impossible for us to use it for revenge. Let it be remembered that no such feeling abides, or ever has, in our hearts. While with us the spirit of liberty in defense of the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, and all the institutions that had grown up under them, was fierce, as a mother is fierce in the defense of her children, when it was over and the victory was won the spirit of liberty in all our hearts was as gentle as a mother with her most wayward son. And from the hour of the gray dawn at Appomattox, when your

arms and your flags were laid down, until this time, you can not help remembering that, like the children of God's ancient people, when the moment of a supreme test came to them, they answered, "All we be brethren, the sons of one Father." So it was to Senator McLARRIN and to me and to all the people of this great land: All we be brethren, the children of one great liberty.

## ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK OF MISSOURI

Mr. Speaker, under an arrangement maintained in antebellum days, and not necessary to explain in this happier era, Mississippi and Illinois came into the Union as twins. Both of those great Commonwealths have always taken a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Republic, in the Congress, in the Cabinet, and upon the battlefield. From the 11th day of December, 1817, when her first Senators, Walter Leake and Thomas H. Williams, and her first Representative, George Poindexter, were sworn in, the sons of Mississippi have shown a high average of ability, courage, and character. It would be pleasant and instructive to trace briefly the history of Mississippi Senators, but time will not suffice. There is one surprising thing about Mississippi Senators, and that is that so many of them have resigned. This is true, particularly with reference to her earlier Senators, though during the sixteen years that I have been here Senator Walthall resigned, and Senator MOXEY declined a reelection. Walter Leake, one of her first two Senators, served from December, 1817 to 1820, when he resigned that he might be elected governor. David Holmes succeeded Leake in 1820, and resigned in 1825. Why he resigned I do not know. Powhattan Ellis resigned the Senatorship in 1832 to become a federal judge. Robert J. Walker resigned in 1845 to become Secretary of the Treasury, and won enduring fame by fathering the Walker tariff bill.

Other Mississippi Senators have resigned, for one reason or another. The strangest case in all our history of a senatorial resignation, or, more properly speaking, senatorial resignations, was when both the Mississippi Senators, Jefferson Davis and Henry S. Foote, resigned to go home and run against each other for the

governorship. No doubt they resigned from a delicate sense of honor, each believing that it was indecorous to be a candidate for governor while holding the office of Senator. In these later days no United States Senator would think for one moment of resigning that position to become governor, the reason for the change of opinion on that subject being that in the lapse of years the office of Senator has grown rapidly in importance when compared with all other offices, and while in the elder day the governorship was considered generally as the greater office, in these later days the governorship is frequently used merely as a stepping-stone to the Senate.

At the present time seven natives of Mississippi sit in the Senate out of a total of 92 Members—a remarkable showing when population is considered.

Senator McLAURIN was evidently a prime favorite in Mississippi. He held many positions of honor and power. From his admission to the bar in 1868, when only 20 years old, to the day of his death, he was prominent in the affairs of Mississippi and of the Republic. He was district attorney, representative in the legislature, presidential elector at large, delegate to the constitutional convention, United States Senator, governor, and again United States Senator.

In all these positions he discharged his duties with ability, courage, industry, and fidelity. He was as popular in Washington as in Mississippi, and all who knew him here trusted him as implicitly as did his own constituents. He was a man of highest character. A soldier of the confederacy in his boyhood, he was absolutely free from rancor. Without being an orator, he was a forceful speaker and influential in the Senate. Affable in manner, pleasing as a conversationalist, true to his convictions, reliable under all circumstances, wise in counsel, his death, just after he had passed the psalmist's limit of three score years, was a loss not only to his family and his State, but to the entire

country. The one adjective which above all others properly describes him is "dependable," and after all is said and done the dependable man is in the long run the most valuable man in legislation, in politics, in business, and in every other relation of life. Nobody ever had to go on an exploring expedition to discover how Senator McLaurin would stand on any particular question, because his principles were so firm, his habit of thought so fixed, that, given circumstances surrounding a question, one who knew the Senator could predict what his action would be. This was the source of his popularity, his strength, and his success.

It is eminently proper that we honor such a man as this typical American public servant, for, in honoring him, we honor not only ourselves but that mighty Republic of which we are all proud to be citizens.



ADDRESS OF MR. BYRD OF MISSISSIPPI

MR. SPEAKER: The late ANSELM JOSEPH MCLAURIN was of Scottish descent. His ancestors came from the Clan Maclaurin, a determined and unconquerable race, who wrote history amid the mountains of Scotland four centuries ago. At that time they were a belligerent people, resisting every encroachment upon their rights with the sword, and when vanquished upon the field they would scatter among their native hills and fight to the death, with only the cave for a bivouac and the bowlder for a fortress. While terrible in war, in peace they were gentle, frugal, industrious, and craved a full share of the intellectual light then rapidly dethroning the tyranny and superstition that shackled the world. So rapidly did they advance in the science of civilization that in less than a century from the time they roamed half naked and half wild about the shores of Loch Lomond there were to be found among them great mathematicians and philosophers, many of whom were the recipients of royal favors, one John Maclaurin being elevated to the peerage as Lord Dregghorn.

The Scotchman has a right to be proud of his blood. It has contributed much to our splendid civilization, it emblazons the most interesting pages of history, and weaves the garlands of romance and love into the brightest pages of fiction. The terror of the Macgregors, the wild flute notes of Rob Roy, the heroism of Bruce and Wallace, the tragic love of gentle Marion, the surrender of Burns's poetic soul to Highland Mary, all "bring recollections to view" of a romantic land and a people born to virtue.

The grandfather of our lamented friend, fighting with the revolutionary patriots at Lexington, is the first knowledge we

have of the McLaurins in America; but since that day, when the corner stone of the Nation was laid in blood, they have fought in every war involving our destiny, and I dare say that but few American families have contributed more to the upbuilding of the church, state, and our splendid civilization.

In many respects, Senator McLAURIN was to the manor born a Scotchman, being as deeply and as unchangeably set in his convictions of duty and right as was John Knox, but in no degree did he possess the bigoted intolerance of the latter. He delighted to recall the legends of song and story that immortalized his ancestors. Next to the beauties of the Holy Bible, the quaint philosophy hidden in the sweet melodies of Burns was the chief topic of his literary discussion. Doubtless the poesy of this immortal bard, who played upon every chord of the human heart, contributed liberally to his loving generosity and affection—the full-grown flowers of his manly heart.

Mr. Speaker, I hope I will be pardoned in saying that of all the public men with whom I have been associated, Senator McLAURIN more than any other approximated my ideal of superb manhood, when measured by all the standards of worth and success. In some accomplishments he was far excelled by others, but combining all of his blended virtues, he had few equals and no superiors. He possessed an attractive personality—tall, graceful, handsome, and with a countenance always radiant with intelligence and candor. With neatness and becoming modesty he dressed, and moved among his fellows with ease and dignity; nor did these graces of Apollo desert him, even after his locks had been frosted by three score years. While dignified and commanding, he was void of every semblance of vanity or affectation. The most humble citizen could engage his friendly attention as readily as could the greatest Senator. In the sunshine of life he was as gentle as a flower, but in the tempest as firm as a rock.

But it was at the bar that his intellectuality rose to its zenith. He was a master in the profession, and, though often confronted by the ablest lawyers, he was seldom vanquished in a battle where victory could have been won by any knight of Blackstone. Always familiar with the law and facts of his case, and demeaning himself with dignity and courtesy to the court, he was a most dangerous adversary. As an advocate, he scarcely had an equal.

His oratory was sublime, indeed, being always couched in pure, simple English, and flowed from his lips like sparkling waters from the gushing fountain. It was the outpouring of a soul on fire with earnestness, often rising to the sublimest heights of forensic effort, and sometimes sweeping away the better judgment of the court and jury. Upon the hustings his eloquence was irresistible. In defending his deeds as a public servant he never failed to destroy his critics and to handle his audience as easily as a shepherd does his flock. To permit him to stand before the people meant the downfall of his political adversary. With truth and justice for his subject, his language seemed to come from his brain through his heart to his lips, and never failed to touch every responsive chord in the hearts and minds of his hearers.

Senator McLaurin was more of a patriot than a statesman, believing in that school of political philosophy which teaches that justice to the weak is strength to the Nation. He labored as assiduously to lift the burdens from the poor as did Cobden and Bright to give bread to the hungry of England. While other Senators were exploiting their learning on constitutional questions he was striving to withdraw the hands of the tariff robber from the pockets of the honest plowman; to protect the lives of the brave men who, night and day, at the risk of their lives, direct the locomotive across snow-swept plains and through mountain gorges; to give health and liberty to the child

imprisoned within the walls of the dingy factory; and to better the condition of the unfortunate shop and office girl, struggling for a living in the sin-cursed city. The ragged newsboy, fighting the blizzard of early dawn for a penny, the faithful employee of the Capitol, and even the dusky laborer cleaning the streets were all the objects of his kindly consideration, and no measure ever came before the Senate involving their weal that he did not champion.

Like Jefferson and Jackson, he believed in the individual rights of the individual man, that the home is the unit of our civilization, and that he who seeks to pauperize or destroy it is an enemy both to God and to the Nation. He firmly believed that if a fair share of the extravagant appropriations of Congress were left in the pockets of the people or applied to the sustenance and education of that vast herd of children who are rapidly passing from poverty and ignorance to sin and crime the Nation would be more bountifully blessed. In his judgment the annual allowance of more than \$200,000,000 to support the Army and Navy at a time when the whole world is resting in the arms of Christian peace, and, too, when so many of our citizens are so hard pressed by poverty, is little less than criminal extravagance. He detested a large standing army, lest it might prove to be a menace to our peace, and he abhorred the dress-parade soldier as one to whom the destiny of the Nation could not be intrusted in an hour of danger, believing that the best protection of the Nation is the intelligent, prosperous, and God-fearing citizen, that a home erected upon a sunny hillside became a fortress where patriots and warriors are reared.

Mr. Speaker, it was not the standing army, but the citizen soldiery, that won our victories in the past. The plowmen of the Revolution drove the British regulars into the sea from Lexington to Yorktown, and the same class, marshaled under

the banners of Scott, Taylor, Houston, and Crockett, conquered an empire, adding more wealth of domain to the Nation than the legions of Cæsar to the Roman Empire. That horrible conflict that rent the Nation asunder and which stands unparalleled in history for the mastery of arms was largely fought by the home builders of the land.

Senator McLAMRIN may have been classed as an aristocrat of the common people. The stalwart yeoman, though rugged and uncomely, but with a great and honest heart, was one of his favorite companions. Integrity, honesty, worth, and honor was the rule by which he measured his fellows. "A man's a man for a' that" often hung upon his lips. Many acres of his manly heart were dedicated to the stalwart country people of Mississippi, with whom he lived, among whom he died, and who had sustained and supported him in every crisis. Many of them were his companions in boyhood—gamboled and frolicked with him in the paradise of a country boy. Side by side they had marched with him, while yet a boy, to the horrid front of war, there, if need be, "to dare and die" to save the storm-tossed confederacy. They never deserted him in any crisis. It is well remembered that in the closing days of his administration as governor of Mississippi, it looked as if his official rectitude and all of his political aspirations would be swept into oblivion by an avalanche of vituperation, heaped upon him by the politicians and unrighteous press. His most loyal friends were alarmed, but, conscious of the rectitude of his conduct, he announced himself as a candidate for the United States Senate, called upon his friends to rally to his support, and they came by the thousands from the hills and the valleys of the State and gave him victory in one of the most heated political campaigns in the history of Mississippi. They knew him, they loved him, and when he sounded the tocsin of battle, they rallied to his standard. And as a manifestation of his gratitude for their

loyalty, he fought their battles until death, and then preferred to be borne to his grave by their simple hands rather than by the senatorial dignitaries of the Nation.

Mr. Speaker, we are all the creatures of environment, and doubtless the early surroundings of Senator McLAURIN had much to do with shaping his magnificent character. His father was a firm, resolute, and God-fearing man, who directed his promising boy along the paths of honesty and righteousness. Moreover, he was reared in the country, the home nature intended for every boy. God made the landscape and all the beauties thereof; man made the cities, with their dens and slums. Every blade of grass, every flower, every bird that sings, every brook that ripples, every cataract that roars, and every storm that sweeps across the plain are sentinels proclaiming the loving gentleness and awful grandeur of Jehovah.

The giant oak, the lily of the valley, the warbling songster, the rushing stream, the expanding dome of heaven bedecked with the evangels of other worlds, all tended to expand the young mind of our lamented friend and forever confirm his religious convictions. Unhappy, indeed, must be the youth who grows to manhood imprisoned by the walls of the modern city, where he is seldom permitted to behold the beauties of the birth and death of day, to have his young heart thrill with the music of the chase, or to embrace the thousand allurements of the field and the forest.

The life of Senator McLAURIN is a fitting illustration of the possibilities of the American boy. He reached young manhood at a time when his native State was blackened and ruined by the ravages of war. Those who were once rich had become paupers, desolation and poverty reigned in every household of the South; but adversity could not conquer the will of this determined youth, and we find him while quite a boy driving the plowshare by day and reading by the flame of the fagot at

night. From this inauspicious beginning he traveled all the ways and encountered all the obstacles along the pathway to greatness.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to have claimed Senator McLAUREN as my friend, and if the tongue could voice the language of the soul much would be added to this feeble tribute to his memory. Not only was he my friend but he was the friend of all who were willing and worthy. His noble heart, mellowing with declining years, overflowed with forgiveness for his enemies and increasing love for his friends. About his friendship there was a magnetism that disarmed malice and dethroned envy. Many who in former years had hated him loved him at his death, and many of those whose vile tongues at one time embittered his life forgot their wrath, received his forgiveness, and came to mingle flowers and tears upon his grave. His friendship was not an ephemeral passion, coquetting with its object in the sunshine of life, but was of that divine order that beams forth amid the shadows of adversity. Anywhere, everywhere, and upon all occasions he heard the appeal of his friends, and their wrongs were never so grievous as to compass his generous charity. Often his benedictions fell like the balm of Gilead upon some unfortunate friend and clung about him like the tendrils of the creeping vine binding the wounds of the oak shattered by the lightning's blast.

Mr. Speaker, the most sublime evidences of the divinity of Christ and His teachings are to be found in the noble lives of the good, who with abiding convictions of the immortality of the soul and implicit confidence in the promises flashed from the cross move among us like ministering angels, giving bread to the hungry and inspiring hope into the hopeless. Such lives are like benedictions from heaven and challenge the respect of the craven criminal and incite the admiration of the just. God dwells in every soul broad enough to compass the woes of

humanity. The road to heaven leads by the cradle of the orphan, the widow's hut, and the prisoner's dungeon. The whispered words of hope are as—

Sweet as the breath of morn  
To the fallen and forlorn.

Our departed friend had an unfaltering Christian faith that intensified and brightened as he approached the grave. In the latter years of his life it seemed as though he was gently gliding over the stream of time from the bosom of his friends to the arms of his God. Beautiful were his Christian virtues. His charity, gentleness, and kindness were like flowers blooming by the wayside of life, shedding their rich perfume upon all who passed that way. He believed in all the promises of the Bible as implicitly as the tender child does in the teachings of its mother, and neither success nor learning nor the blandishments of power could make him waver in his devotion to his Maker. There was no place in his mind or heart for skepticism, believing by intuition that "the hand that made us is divine." The silent murmuring of his soul told him of the life to be—

As the traveler hears the billows roll  
Ere he reaches the sea.

If the grave be the end of life, then why all this magnificence of man? Why is he permitted to build governments, erect temples, and fathom the mysteries of nature? Is not the stupid ox brought into life by the same law of reproduction, and does he not feast upon the bounties of nature and lie down in death like man? Are we to share the same fate as the miserable worm that banquets upon our bodies for a few days and then returns itself unto dust? Nay; not so. Such a thought is revolting to conscience and abhorrent to reason.

Go, thou infidel, and feast thy perverted soul in the fleshpots of reason; go ask the heathen mother why, to appease the



wrath of an imaginary god, she consigns her first born to the monsters of the deep; and go explore the landscapes of the past and ask of the ruined idols and shattered temples if man has not since the dawn of time worshiped at the shrine of some deity.

In the soul of every human being there is an insatiable yearning for the habiliments of immortality, and since his fall in the tragedy of Eden man has been struggling to regain the approving smiles of his Maker. The heavens above, the earth below, the death and resurrection of the flowers—yea, all nature proclaims life beyond the grave.

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality;  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

**ADDRESS OF MR. SISSON OF MISSISSIPPI**

Mr. Speaker, in addressing myself to the life of Senator McLAURIN I shall do so without any idea of reviewing in detail his remarkable career, because that has already been done by others; but I would call attention to one principle that always guided him through life.

Senator McLAURIN was, in no partisan sense, a Democrat. He was the most democratic man of my acquaintance. Senator McLAURIN believed as firmly as he believed in his own existence in the right of the people to rule and to control. Senator McLAURIN did not fear to vest the people with power. He was always afraid to take power away from them. He believed that the best government was that which was closest to the people and which sprung from them by and with their consent, and not a government which was imposed upon them by superior power. It was this great democratic soul of his that always found response in every audience, and whatever might be the political stress or storm, however adverse the sentiment of a community, when Senator McLAURIN addressed the people there was a genuine ring of democratic sincerity in every word that he uttered, and the people felt it. It came from his soul and shone out of his face and out of his eyes, and those who heard him were converted and followed him, whatever might have been their preconceived opinion of the man who came to address them.

He never made an appeal to the people in his own cause in his native State that they ever turned down. On one occasion, when he was a candidate for the Senate, the first time he came before the people of the State for that office—for he had been elected prior to that time by the legislature—the first speech

made in that remarkable campaign was made in my little city. There gathered there perhaps the largest throng of men of political prominence that has ever assembled in our State at one time and under one roof. It was understood that then and there what was to be the beginning of the campaign might also be the end. Senator McLARRIN came from a sick bed. He came weak and emaciated. His friends begged and besought him, and so did his son-in-law and his brother, both of whom were physicians, not to go. They said, "Governor, you can not afford to take the chance." But he was a Scotchman of courage and determination, and I have heard Judge Stevens, his son-in-law, say that while he feared for him he would not for a moment insist that his father-in-law ought not to go.

Senator McLARRIN came to Winona, Miss., where there had gathered 10,000 people. They had come on special trains, the anti-McLARRIN people endeavoring to create the feeling throughout the State that his administration as governor ought not to be indorsed. There were strong men at the time pitted against him. One of them declined on that day to become a candidate for the Senate. Mr. John Sharp Williams was urged by his friends to enter the race, and he was to decide that day, and I shall always recall Mr. Williams's last words in the speech that he made. He said:

I will tarry yet a little while in Jericho, till my beard is a little longer grown. I am not a candidate, my fellow-citizens, for the United States Senate.

I was sitting on the platform within a few feet of Senator McLARRIN, and I saw him at that time lean over and put his hand on the shoulder of the presiding officer, and he whispered to him. "That elects me to the United States Senate." From that moment he had no doubt of his election, and although he spoke then to an audience the majority of whom were perhaps opposed to him, when that day's conflict was over I heard men

and merchants and farmers and lawyers of that section say, "I came here an anti-McLAURIN man, but I shall support him in this race for the Senate."

They had not heard him speak, because that was the first campaign in Mississippi when the people elected a Senator, but when they heard him they believed in him, and it was this abiding faith and trust which Senator McLAURIN had in the masses of the people that caused him to be in his own county the idol of his people, that caused him when only 23 years of age to be elected district attorney, that sent him to the legislature, that made him an elector, that made him governor, that made him a Senator of the United States.

Reference has been made to his service in the constitutional convention. He did not vote for the present provisions of the constitution of Mississippi which provides for the appointment of all judges by the governor, but voted against it. He has sometimes been criticised for this, but no man ever criticised Senator McLAURIN on the stump that he did not regret the criticism, because in that constitutional convention, believing in the right of the people to select their officers, Senator McLAURIN voted against this provision of the constitution because it denied the people of Mississippi the right to select their judges. He was unwilling to vest the executive with the enormous power of appointing the judges, although he himself was perhaps at that very moment thinking of becoming a candidate for governor.

Senator McLAURIN has been charged in politics with rewarding his friends. I do not think that this is a criticism if his friends are worthy. I heard a Senator say the other day that the man who did not love his friends, the man who did not always act so that his friends could rely upon him, was a man who had no friends. No living man will say that Senator McLAURIN was not true to his friends. No man will say that he

was not true to the people. You may cast, if you please, what criticism and aspersion you like against his administration as governor, against his administration as Senator, but out of it all there will always loom this mighty virtue of ANSE McLAURIN, as he was commonly called in Mississippi. He was a friend of the people, and he never cast a vote knowingly against their interests. Never for one moment did he have any other thing in his heart but a desire to advance the interests of the people and to help the man who toils.

No poor ever begged of him that he turned away empty handed, and the beauty about his charity was that he did not give it as you would flip a quarter unwillingly to a beggar to be rid of him, but he gave with a tear of sympathy in his eye. He gave of his material substance and with it love and sympathy. He gave with that sweet charity which rewards the giver more than it does him who receives. It can be truly said of him that he lived and made the world happier; he lived and made the world a little better; he lived and took from some human eye a tear and from some human heart a pang of pain; he made some little child happy and some poor pauper to feel that he was a man. If that has been the course and conduct of a man through this life, then his life has been a glorious success and not a failure. And it was this heart in Senator McLAURIN that made him loved and respected by the people.

The tributes to-day to the memory of Senator McLAURIN but faintly express the esteem for him here in Washington. It will ever be a source of gratification to his family and friends in Mississippi that words of sorrow and regret at his loss have come from the hearts of those who have spoken here. Regardless of party affiliation or section, all the official family in Washington deeply regret his departure. Even the bell boys of the hotel in which he lived know that they have lost a friend and were deeply affected at the news of his death.

He was kind to all, however humble in station.

His greetings were always hearty, his hand shake natural, his smiles winning.

Senator McLAURIN never met a stranger, nor did anyone ever feel that Senator McLAURIN was a stranger.

He exemplified in his life that he believed that "all men were created equal."

The man of millions was no better in Senator McLAURIN's eyes than the man who toils for bread.

The man who toils in any land appealed to him as well as those of his own State.

He forgave his enemies when they asked forgiveness.

He faced his foes when they challenged him to combat, and was a foeman worthy of any man's steel.

The conflict over, he bore himself a true knight in all his many victories.

He was a man that neither success nor office ever changed or spoiled.

A confederate soldier, true to the memory of the cause for which he fought, yet not a trace of bitterness or sectional hatred ever fell from his lips.

To every message of love and peace from those who fought for the Union, he could reply from his heart in kind to them all. No Union soldier could extend his hand toward the confederate soldier that he would not be the first to grasp it. When our friends from the North utter sentiments of love and affection for us, the late Senator from Mississippi would be the first to extend his thanks for the expression.

Senator McLAURIN was one of those who wore the gray that would always say that there was no feeling of hatred against those wore the blue. This is the feeling of all that noble band of heroes who fought for the confederacy. There is not in their hearts one particle of pang or feeling toward those who

gloriously fought for the Union. Brave soldiers on both sides respect each other, and Senator McLARIN was one of the bravest of those who wore the gray, and when he and they surrendered it was in good faith, and they all love the flag and our common country and will join in writing on the keystone of the arch of the Union the words *esto perpetua!*

It is glorious to those of us who have inherited this common country and whose fathers wore the gray to be able to say to the sons of the fathers who wore the blue, "that across that bloody chasm that used to be we have shaken hands."

It sometimes happens in the course of nature that the earthquake shock rends the mountain chain asunder. The great and jagged rocks from either side of the chasm thus made frown and glare at each other. The waters rush madly between them. It is terrible to look upon. The changing seasons come and go. The rocks are worn away and the chasm is gone. The trees grow and vines cover them over and hang in festoons from their branches. The birds come and fill the air with their love notes, and the song of the turtle dove is heard in the land. The stranger comes, pauses, and looks only to admire the beauty of the scene.

So is the Union cemented together to-day, with unselfish love for the common flag. The stranger comes, pauses, and looks only to admire the beauty of the scene. He looks in amazement at the sacrifice on both sides. He knows not which to most admire, they are so joined together in the bonds of peace, glorious peace, and love for a common flag, each ready to do or die for the honor of the Republic. All are Americans, and feel honored in being such. Our friend that we honor to-day was a typical American citizen. What greater thing can be said of him? What honor more could be given him?

**ADDRESS OF MR. DICKSON OF MISSISSIPPI**

MR. SPEAKER: Our State has reason for pride; even in the strains of sorrow her name is rendered distinguished, when to-day her sons are met by those of other States to mingle their voices in sympathy with ours; pride is tempered with gratitude.

The voice of Ohio, through her soldier statesman, is generously mingled with that of Kansas and Indiana, Michigan, Alabama, and Missouri, to swell the accents of sorrow above the bier of Mississippi's departed one. In the unending silence of the grave is the absolute democracy of equality. Here the dead, each in his narrow cell, keeps the voiceless vigils of unending companionship.

Here we bring to-day the contribution of our State to the ever-accumulating increment of the centuries, a contribution of our greatness, the name of one which is worthy to live.

The history of a nation is the chronicles of its people. No brighter page adorns the annals of Mississippi throughout the ninety-three years of her statehood than that which records the services of her sons in the Senate of the Republic. If on no other claim to rest her right to distinction, in joint honor with her sisters, secure would be her position in history, haloed as it is by the signal service of these illustrious ones. If "To be a Roman is greater than a king," by no less of logic or truth, may it be said, he who worthily answers to the name of Mississippi in this council of the nation is a prince in the realm of freedom.

With savage stroke, Mr. Speaker, does the "dread Reaper" glean in this harvest field. Surely he loves "a shining mark, a



signal blow." Seven times in the last twelve months have we been called to pay this last sad tribute of affection upon the altar of memory for a departed friend. "What phantoms we are, what phantoms we pursue."

Sixty-two years ago in the little village of Brandon, Miss., the spirit of him who is the subject of these exercises, ANSELM JOSEPH McLAURIN, was ushered into being. Descended from that hardy stock, built by the mingling blood of Scotch and Welsh ancestry, which has contributed with such lavish prodigality to the rearing of American civilization, young McLAURIN evinced early and continuously those crowning virtues of both strains which sealed his life with the signet of success. The early impressions which were left by his Christian parents on him in this then sparsely settled country were such as to ignite the spark of self-reliance and into full flame fan the fires of his soul for his future conquests and achievements.

Man is inevitably the resultant product of lineage, environment, and culture. Scarce had the callow days of infancy passed, when, as a lad of 16, the rude alarm of war greeted his ears—till then accustomed only to those peaceful, pastoral sounds of home and countryside. Carried by the wave of war into that vortex of passion and strife which for four years bathed a nation alike in blood and tears, he passed through this crucible of test, the pure gold unscathed and untarnished. And lo, from the womb of war the lad was born a man!

The confederate soldier of 16, clad in his tattered suit of gray, surveyed the horizon of his fame, his country's future. It were well! Though the burdens borne were grievous and difficult to be borne, yet they developed in him at this early age those powers without which, and without which stress and strife, his magnificent energies probably would have lain dormant, never to rise into activity.

When at last the war clouds rolled away and to the shriek of shot and shell came again the song of—

The beautiful bird of the South,  
That had built its nest in the cannon's mouth—

the soldier rose to the occasion, sedate, strong, purposeful. With assiduity he devoted his powers to the study of the law, bringing to it that patient perseverance that alone wins from this jealous mistress the reward of her favors. Soon throughout the State his fame was spread, in extent commensurate with her geographic limits, and extending beyond her confines he was known as one who, could a case be won by honorable means, would achieve success for that cause. As elsewhere, so in Mississippi, the honest, the faithful lawyer, the capable man inevitably rises to political preferment at the instance of his people. So it was with Senator McLAURIN.

I would not claim for him that he never sought office. That would be false. It is the part and duty of the good citizen, who possessing the qualifications essential, to devote these endowments to the service of his country. Back of the self-seeking, on the part of the distinguished Mississippian, was the impelling force of the confidence of his people; their belief in his powers was the source from which flowed that stream which bore him into places of honor and trust. This confidence and belief was never disappointed, and to the end of his splendid career his people cheerfully, willingly, yes I may say lovingly, committed their interests to his keeping; knowing that while there might be others equal in ability, none could be more faithful.

He was not perfect, he was man. There was "One perfect," and they slew Him.

oft upon his head descended the scourging anathema of political criticism, emanating from those disappointed in the realization of their ambitions or counter to whose intent the purposes of Senator McLAURIN ran.

Insincerity was charged; weakness in that he was loyal to friends, too liberal use of the "pardoning power," all were laid against him.

Somewhere, I recall not now, I have read that in the beginning the Great Designer, conceiving the making of man, called into council those attendant ministers about the throne of Omnipotence—Justice, Truth, and Mercy—and laying bare to them the designs of Deity he asked counsel; in answer, Justice first replied, "O God of Justice, make not man, for he will trample Thy law beneath his feet and make of Justice a mockery on earth." Truth, next summoned, said, "Make not man, O God of Truth, for he will pervert Thine own word, Thou God of Truth, and make of verity a mockery in the land." But Mercy, next in turn summoned, meekly came and said "Make him, O Thou God of Mercy, and give him into my keeping, and I will guide his footsteps and guard his walk on earth." And He made him and said, "Go, thou child of Mercy, and minister to thy fellows." Obedient to that inspiration, God-given and God-felt, ANSELM McLAURIN lived, acted, and died. By the God of Truth, in the light of Justice, and by the measure of Mercy, is he rewarded.

To the charge of insincerity I demur, and to the alleged weakness in that he was faithful to friends I plead concurrence. To the charge of leniency in the use of the power of pardon, I do not know, nor do I care; but if true, I answer, "If he leaned to Mercy's side, in mercy is he forgiven."

Senator McLAURIN occupied almost all stations official in the catalogue of the public service of Mississippi. Loyalty characterized the attachment of those who followed his personal and political fortunes. Friendship was his talisman, and the unvarying majority attending his every political contest serves as an eloquent enlogium of his hold upon the hearts of his people. He was a warrior without defeat, a victor without

disdain. No sun ever set upon that field of strife whereon he was a contestant that marked the trailing of his banner in the wake of the conquered.

His last years were his most illustrious, in that he lived a life that was a lesson luminous and illustrative of the best. The majestic Christian walked hand in hand with the accomplished statesman.

To him who speaks it was permitted to see him last of all who here with him served. Two days after the Thanksgiving of the nation I met him. It was after something of a taxing journey. The salutations passed, he said, "Will, I am tired. The doctor says the valve of my heart is leaking." It was too true. Through that greatest of his parts his splendid soul was finding an ebbing place. As came the Christmastide, the recurring season remindful of the Master's birth, in the heart of his family, saying "I feel better to-day," after a season of depression, his majestic soul took its flight, without further warning.

Just a day after, in the little city of Brandon, off to one side in God's chosen acre, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," they laid him in the gentle bosom of his mother. There at last in his windowless tenement he rests. The "dead Douglas" has won the field; and in this his last triumph we see his greatest victory. He conquered self, but bent to none but God, and lived as one who might say of the irrevocable past,

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the strong stress of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this vale of wrath and tears  
Looms a bright vista through the shade,  
So that the menace of the years  
Joyfully finds me unafraid.  
It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the goal,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

In the grave, common receptacle of all, we are equals.  
Nor to this ultimate tribunal was it needed that Senator  
McLAURIN should appeal for the vindication of men.  
He needed not the emblem of rank to mark his leadership.  
At last, to that court from which there is not appeal he  
has submitted his cause.

Before that fateful portal, where place and station are not  
known, he stands.

The process of reason can not wrest, the symphony of song  
can not induce, nor the honeyed words of suasion exact a favor-  
ing verdict from this dread tribunal.

There poverty meets in equal status the minions of Mam-  
mon, and Lazarus is unashamed of his rags.

There poverty has its premium and riches its discount.

There ostentation disrobes, the obsequious unmask, the  
laborer receives his hire, the deceiver his reward.

The Herald of that Court cries eternal justice, and from  
His cry there is no appeal.

Here the arm of infancy is matched in strength with the  
mighty, and at this forum Mercy has ever her day and Justice  
renders the decree eternal.

The glory of his life consists not in the victories that he won  
at the bar, nor in the eloquence that distinguished him, nor in  
offices of position and honor with which his people intrusted  
him, but his fame reposes and will rest upon that pedestal

framed in the faith that is born of the love of a people who throughout a long career honored him ever and without faltering.

In this confidence, in this faith, in this love of his countrymen, Senator A. J. McLAURIN, could he speak to-day, might truthfully exclaim —

Exigi monumentum, are perennius.

ADDRESS OF MR. BENNET OF NEW YORK

Mr. Speaker, Senator McLaurin is a pleasant memory to all those who knew him. He was a courteous gentleman of the type which, unfortunately for ourselves, we allude to as the "old school." Kindly, considerate, and helpful, he made new friends daily and rarely lost one. My own acquaintance with him was closest during his brief membership on the Immigration Commission, though before that we had been members of the conference committee on the immigration bill of 1907. There was about him an air of genial companionship, of broad toleration, of real interest, which was irresistible. His State had honored him greatly, but he had honored her always by straightforward, useful service.

We shall miss him. A certain soldierly directness always spoke the long service of his stripling youth; a certain brevity of speech and poise of manner, a successful executive; a complete knowledge of the principles of the law, the studious and successful lawyer.

And so, with a life rounded and complete, he has passed over. But ever, as we think of him, he will be here, and always as a pleasant thought. In the life of long ago we shall still see the boy soldier; in the nearer years, the advocate and the statesman; but ever in thought the courtly gentleman strolling through the paths of a southern garden between the flowers, with the sunbeams of a kindly morning scarcely more radiant than his gracious presence.

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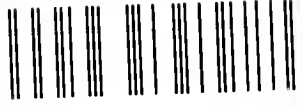








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